THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Vol. 60. Publication Office, No. 726 Sansom St. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1881. $1.60 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 26.

GRATITUDE.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

The falling of a single drop of rain
In some far distant age,
May well be read—so brain-wise savants say—
On Nature's deathless page,
Of time-grown rocks to-day, if we know how.
Great empires rise and fall—
Years come and go with many changes, yet
The rain's mark lives thro' all.

'Tis slight. And still it speaks an awful truth:
While much that seemed so fair
Decays and dies—while nations bloom and fade,
The rain-drop lingers there.
Placed by God's hand in everlasting stone,
It holds its storied store—
Tho' men and things—though beauty, light, and life,
And glory, are no more.

So gratitude within the thankful breast,
Ays buds and blossoms bright—
Thro' sunny days, thro' seasons full of change—
Thro' sorrow's gloomy night.
And if one trait of Eden yet remains
On earth, 'tis in the thought:
We cannot cease to love and bless the deeds
Kind hearts and hands have wrought.

Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

"We went to Troseach Castle," continued the young nobleman; "then I, longing to see more of the beautiful Scotch scenery, went on a pedestrian tour. To shorten my story, I need only tell you that one delicious morning I wandered into the bonnie woods of Brynmar. I lost the path, and was getting bewildered, when all at once the richest and most musical voice I ever heard arose, clear and bell like on the morning air. I listened to the words; they were pretty and fantastic, and they are firmly imprinted on my heart. I went on, and saw,—oh Bertie! I can never paint the exquisite picture for you. Imagine a young, girlish, graceful figure standing in the midst of soft, mellow, golden light,—imagine the loveliest face that poet ever dreamed of, a smile parting the sweet lips as she bent over the flowers, a wealth of bright golden hair falling in beautiful confusion over shoulders that no sculptor could imitate,—imagine little white hands holding, half lovingly, a bouquet of blue-bells."

"It would be a pretty picture," interrupted Bertie. "You should paint it."

"There is no need," said Lord Bayneham. "I give you my word of honor, Bertie, I did think it a vision. You never saw anything so deliciously lovely. I spoke to her,—I asked her the right path, and she showed it to me. I said something about the beauty of the woods. I cannot tell how it happened, but I remained with her for some minutes; and at the end of that time I loved her as it takes a lifetime to teach some men to love. I could have knelt at her feet and offered her my life. I longed to tell her how fair she was, and how I admired her; but although we were alone in the woods, a queen upon her throne was not more sacred to me than this young girl, whose shy, sweet eyes rarely left my own. When we parted I asked her for one of the flowers she held. She gave it to me, Bertie, and I would not part with it for anything you could offer me."

"Did you never discover who she was?" asked Bertie.

"No," replied Lord Bayneham,—"not exactly. It was a lonely neighborhood. I asked at some of the cottages. One woman told me I must have seen Lady Hutton, as she lived at Brynmar. I looked in the 'Peerage.' Lady Hutton is over forty, and has no daughter. I went back to the same place last week, but could neither see nor hear anything of her."

"What shall you do?" asked Bertie.

"What can I do?" said Lord Bayneham, impatiently,—"'dree my weird,' as the Scotch say; try to forget her, I suppose, and marry Barbara Earle next year."

"It would not be fair to Barbara," said Bertie Carlyon; "she deserves a whole heart or none."

"You are right," replied Lord Bayneham,—"I esteem Barbara Earle highly; but—I love the girl I saw in Brynmar woods."

"Try to discover her," suggested Bertie Carlyon.

"Even if I did," said the young earl, "what am I to do with Barbara? There must be misery one way or another. Now I have told you my secret, Bertie, do not torture me by reverting to it: bear with me patiently for a time. We Baynehams are doomed to love unhappily."

"Nonsense again," said practical Bertie. "I do not believe in dooms, visions, poetry, or unhappiness. I am quite sure, no matter how dark the cloud may be just now, it has a silver lining."

CHAPTER VI.

THE BAYNEHAMS, of Castle Bayneham, were a noble and ancient family. The earldom dated as far back as the reign of the "Merry Monarch." Hulbert Bayneham had been one of his chief favorites, and he delighted to honor him. He created him Earl of Bayneham and Baron of Hulsmoor.

Hulbert, the first earl, built Bayneham Castle, and the state apartment where the king slept when he visited his friend. From Hulbert the line of succession was unbroken. Son succeeded father, and each one added some new lustre to the name. Hildebrand, the third earl, was one of England's grandest warriors. Stephen, his grandson, was an eminent statesman; his influence was great, and he used it well.

The father of the present earl was remarkable for nothing save having married one of the most beautiful and imperious women in England,—Lady Blanche Delamere. She was descended from an illustrious but somewhat decayed family. They had title, rank, position, and influence, but very little money, and when Lord Bayneham proposed to the daughter of the house, everyone thought it an excellent match.

No one ever asked what Lady Blanche thought herself. She had beauty and dignity, and her union with Lord Bayneham gave her everything else; and for many years the beautiful and imperious Countess of Bayneham was one of the most courted and popular women of the day.

She had a younger sister, who, unlike the brilliant countess, married for love. She united her fate with that of an almost penniless captain, Gerald Earle.

Fortune, however, favored them, for before Gerald and his young wife began to feel the pinchings of poverty, a large fortune was bequeathed to him by a distant relative.

Gerald Earle died abroad, and his delicate wife did not long survive him. She left her only child, Barbara, to the care of the countess of Bayneham.

Her trust was nobly fulfilled; Barbara Earle was treated in every way like one of Lady Bayneham's own children. Her large fortune rapidly accumulated, and when she reached her eighteenth year she found herself one of the wealthiest heiresses in England.

The Countess of Bayneham had one fixed idea,—it was that her son should marry Barbara Earle. She was deeply attached to the young girl over whose childhood and youth she had watched so well. Both children were brought up with the same idea, but nothing definite was ever said to them. Lady Bayneham, foolishly enough, would speak of the time when Barbara would be Claud's wife. Every day, in fifty different ways, it was brought before them.

Claud took it as a matter of course. Barbara loved her cousin; she had no thought, no wish away from him. When Claud went to college, he never returned without a present for his intended little wife.

One speech of his was rather characteristic. Talking one day at school in the midst of a group of boys, who were discussing their future, he said, "I shall never trouble myself with love-making; I am going to marry my cousin Barbara, you know."

He certainly never did trouble himself with love making. He was always kind and gentle to Barbara, but the men of his race had ever been chivalrous. He had paid her every attention; never neglected her double claim as cousin and *fiancee*. He sought to anticipate her wishes, to consult her tastes, and obey her least word; but there the matter ended. If she were going away for six months he did not miss her; his voice never trembled when he spoke to her. He knew nothing of the heights of love, or the depth of sorrow; he knew nothing save a quiet, calm affection that had grown with him from his childhood. He had yet to learn what it was to love.

His father died, and Claud became Earl of Bayneham. Perhaps no one ever began life under fairer auspices; he was young, handsome, clever, and highly accomplished. Nature and fortune had both been kind to him. He owned one of the proudest names and the finest estates in England. The long and illustrious line of ancestors had each added a laurel to the crown of the Baynehams. Everything and everyone smiled on him. He was one of the happiest men until that May morning came and brought him to the woods of Brynmar.

When Claud had been for two years lord of Bayneham Castle, his mother told him, in very plain words, she thought it time he should marry.

"A man's position," said the countess, "is never fully established until he is married. I need not tell you how much depends upon the choice of a wife. Fortunately you have made a good choice. You must remember, Claud, that you have not mixed much in society since your father's death. I wish you to go to London next season, but I prefer that you should take Lady Bayneham with you."

"Why?" asked the young earl.

"Because, unless you go as a married man you will have every manœuvring mother and chaperone teasing you," said the countess. "I should like you to be married early next spring."

"I have no objection," he replied, "if Barbara is willing."

A shade of annoyance passed over the fair proud face of the countess.

"That is hardly the way to speak, Claud," she said gravely. "I presume already you have 'no objection;' you might surely find some more suitable expression."

"I fear that I am not clever at finding 'suitable expressions,'" said Lord Bayneham, with a smile; "they come natural enough to you, mother."

"You had better see Barbara this morning," said Lady Bayneham, "and ask her if she will consent to the marriage being arranged for next spring?"

"Would it not be better for you to speak to her yourself?" said the earl hastily. "Ladies manage these things so much better than we do."

A decided frown darkened the proud, beautiful face.

"Are the men of your race contented to allow others to woo for them?" she asked, contemptuously.

Lord Bayneham's face flushed.

"It is different with Barbara," he said; "there is no nonsense about her; she has more sense than any girl I ever met."

Lady Bayneham's face relaxed at this compliment to her beloved niece.

"You will find your cousin Barbara in the morning room," she said; "go and ask her now."

Claud obediently enough quitted the room. It was a matter of indifference to him. He was not vitally interested in it; it seemed to him a prearranged piece of business, that was part and parcel of the responsibilities of his estate.

In after years Claud Bayneham remembered that scene. He found Barbara Earle in the morning-room: she was painting a group of flowers with no ordinary skill. When she heard his footsteps a deep warm flush covered her face, and the hand that held the brush trembled.

"Barbara," said Lord Bayneham, "if you are not busy, I should be glad if you would spare me five minutes."

"Longer if you like," replied Miss Earle. "My picture can be finished to-morrow. Do you like the grouping of those roses, Claud?"

"Yes" he said; "there seems to be a natural affinity between ladies and flowers. You paint them better than anything else."

"That is a pretty compliment," said Barbara; "but how about Rosa Bonheur and the horses?"

"You are always hard upon my little attempts at flattery," said Lord Bayneham; "But, Barbara, I want to talk seriously to you."

"I am ready to listen," said Miss Earle. "What is it? Are we to have a 'general election?' I have read something of the kind."

"It is a very different matter I was thinking of," said the young earl, almost at a loss to know how to introduce the question of marriage, the lady before him looked so very calm and unsuspicious. "Barbara," he continued, making a desperate effort, "my mother thinks that we had better be married next spring."

For some moments there was a profound silence. He could hear the ticking of the little watch that lay near the easel, but he could not hear the quick beating of the heart his words had touched.

Barbara Earle waited until every trace of emotion passed before she spoke.

"And are you of Lady Bayneham's opinion?" she asked.

He remembered his mother's contempt at his awkward method of wooing.

"I fear I am very stupid," he said, penitently; "but you are so sensible, Barbara, you know what I mean without my talking nonsense. I love you. Will you be my wife next spring?"

She rose from her seat and stood before him; her dark, beautiful eyes filled with tears, her lips quivered, her whole soul shone in her face.

"Claud," she said, earnestly, "do you love me?"

She held out to him her white, jeweled hand, and he clasped it in his own, and looked into her eyes.

"Of course I love you, Barbara," he replied, his calm, clear voice never faltering. "I have loved you ever since we were children. Are you willing to be my wife next spring?"

He looked kind, anxious and affectionate; but if love be what Barbara Earle imagined it to be, he had none of it.

"I am willing," she said gently.

"You are a dear, good, sensible girl," he replied, "and I will do all I can to make you happy."

He touched her forehead lightly with his lips; and so the wooing of Lord Bayneham and Barbara Earle ended.

"Come with me," he said, "and let us tell the countess it is all arranged."

"Mother," said the young earl, as they entered the drawing-room, "thank Barbara for me; she has promised to be my wife next spring."

"You cannot be more of a daughter to me than you have been," said the stately lady, clasping the young girl tenderly in her arms; "but the dearest wish of my heart will be gratified when I see you my son's wife. It is now March," she continued; "if we arrange the wedding for next May, that will meet all our wishes."

For once Lady Bayneham was too hasty. Bayneham Castle would require alterations; many of the rooms were to be refurnished. There was much to be done. Lawyers, milliners, and a host of other people, were consulted. Then it was agreed that the wedding should take place in the August of the year following. But for that postponement, this story would never have been written. In May, Lord Bayneham went to Scotland; and there, in the bonnie green woods of Brynmar, he met his fate. He returned home an altered man. His previous life seemed to have been one long, calm un-

broken dream. He was awkened now, and the dream had ended. The realities of life had begun for him. He had learned on that bright May morning a lesson that Barbara Earle had never taught him,—how to love. He saw the preparations continued for his marriage, and made no comment. Whatever he might think or suffer, he was a gentleman, a man of honor, who would scorn to break a promise, and die rather than fail when honor bade him persevere.

CHAPTER VII.

THE world generally did not call Barbara Earle a beautiful girl. The great charm of her face was the soul that shone there. Her eyes were magnificent, dark dreamy, full of light and thought. She had sweet, sensitive lips, perfect in shape and color.

People passed her by at first, considering her almost plain; at a second interview they would like her better. Then her face would grow upon them, and then they would end by declaring that no other girl was half as beautiful as Barbara Earle. It was the beautiful, noble soul that gave the great charm to her eloquent, spiritual face. In repose it was calm and serene; but lighted up, as noble thoughts and noble words could light it, it was magnificent

She gave one the impression of being what is commonly called "all soul." Her tall, graceful figure combined ease and dignity. No one could be more kind and winning; no one more dignified and reserved than Barbara Earle She was not proud nor haughty no mean word or mean action ever escaped her. She was a true, noble woman, crowned with richer gifts than the merely outer ones of color and prettiness,—a woman to inspire a man with a love of noble deeds, to teach him the higher and holier lessons of life; and withal had that nameless charm, that well-bred, refined, elegant manner that makes every woman beautiful to whom it is given.

Lovers in plenty sighed for Barbara Earle. She had no thought save for Lord Bayneham. It was characteristic of her that all who loved her were the better and more noble for it. No sullen resentment, no moody silence and bitter dislike ever followed her rejection of an admirer; and she rejected many before her engagement to Lord Bayneham was made public. Those who loved her best and laid all they had to offer at her feet, left her presence, disappointed, it is true, but bearing with them good and noble resolves.

The chances are that if Lord Bayneham had met Miss Earle in society he would have been dazzled and charmed. Having from his very childhood associated with her, all her noble and grand qualities seemed mere habit to him. He was accustomed to her brilliant wit and quick repartee, to her generous and spirited defence of the weak and the absent, to her scorn of all things vulgar and mean, to her amiable temper and self sacrificing disposition; all these were part and parcel of Barbara. They never struck him; he admired her, esteemed her, loved her, in a quiet, calm, kind of a way, and had "no objection" to making her his wife next spring.

It was far different with Barbara; with all the strength of her noble and constant nature she loved the handsome, clever young cousin whose wife she was to be. She idolized him,—thought him perfect, thought him superior to any other man,—loved him only as such women can, with a grand, noble love, but there were times when she felt half puzzled as to his feelings towards her.

He was all kindness; but he said so little when he spoke of their future,—it was in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, as something that must be Yet she knew he cared for no one else and Barbara Earle comforted herself by thinking that he was not of a demonstrative nature.

When he returned from Scotland, she found him changed in every respect. He had lost the gay flow of spirits that once never failed him; he fell into dreamy reveries, from which nothing could rouse him. He looked like a man whose aim and purpose in life were ended He was kind to her, but indifferent to everything in the wide world. Nothing seemed to interest or amuse him. Even Lady Bayneham noticed and wondered at the change that had come over her son

One day Claud was unusually busy; his lawyer was at Bayneham, and many business affairs were on the tapis. The steward was waiting, and an important paper was missed.

Lady Bayneham was in the drawing-room with visitors, so that Claud could not ask for help from her. In his perplexity he sought Miss Earle.

"Barbara," he said, "like most people who undertake to do three things at once, I am making a terrible mess of it; will you help me? I have lost a paper, the plan for those new house at Greystoke. Will you go to my study and look for it?—the keys lie upon my writing table."

Barbara gladly hastened to comply with his wish. Lord Bayneham's study was a room sacred from all intrusion. It was very rarely that anyone obtained admission there. It was a pretty little apartment, overlooking the park.

Miss Earle searched for the lost plan in every available place. She went to a bureau, where her cousin had many private papers. There was no trace of it. One drawer smaller than the rest drew her attention; she opened it, and several papers fell out. One was the lost plan, another was a picture that had been folded in paper.

Barbara looked at it with surprise; she saw it was a sketch taken by her cousin; she recognized his style, and his initials were underneath it.

It was a simple but beautiful subject, and the artist had done full justice to it. A young girl standing beneath the shade of large spreading trees the sunbeams falling on her golden hair. Her face, so wondrously lovely, was bent over some blue-bells that she carried in his little white hands; anything so fresh, so delicately beautiful as that face Barbara Earle had never seen.

It was quite strange to Barbara; but who could it be? With a woman's keen eyes she noted the details of the dress. The original of the picture was evidently a lady; who could she be? and why had Claud locked up what was certainly the best of his productions?

He was too busy just then for her to mention it. He thanked her gratefully for the trouble she had taken, but Barbara Earle was ill at ease.

That evening, when dinner was over and Claud rejoined the ladies, Barbara went to the table where he stood, looking over some beautiful engravings that had just arrived.

"Claud," she said, "when I opened the small drawer of your bureau this morning a picture fell out of it, one of your own painting I believe. Whose face is it? I never saw one half so beautiful before."

She was watching him keenly, and saw a slight pallor on his face.

"I cannot tell you whose face it is," he replied, "it is a picture I saw on my travels, and thought it so beautiful, that I could not refrain from trying to reproduce it "

"You have succeeded well," said Miss Earle.

He made some indifferent reply and turned away.

Barbara Earle's eyes followed him with a sad, wistful look. What had changed him so?

Lord Bayneham went to his study. He took the picture from the drawer, and, folding it in many papers, locked it carefully and safely away.

He was kinder than usual to Barbara that evening, as though he would make amends for some involuntary wrong.

The Countess of Bayneham changed her mind once more. She had decided upon dissuading her son from going to London for the season until after he was married; but she looked upon it in a different light now. His engagement to Barbara Earle was known publicly. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to make a brilliant appearance in London, and then, at the end of the season, have a brilliant marriage.

She decided it was to be so, and the young earl left Castle Bayneham for his town house which was an almost palatial mansion in Grosvenor Square.

The season opened very brilliantly. Miss Earle, the neice of the Countess of Bayneham, was much admired But what puzzled both ladies, was, that Claud took little or no interest in any of the gaieties or pleasures that surrounded them.

Lord Bayneham was fortunate in one thing,—he met in London his oldest and dearest college friend, Bertie Carlyon, the second son of Sir Hubert Carlyon, of Durham Park, one of the kindliest and noblest of men,—unfortunate, as he himself declared, in everything, love and finance above all other things; but so kind, so genial, so true, no one could help loving him.

Bertie had his secret too; from the first moment he saw Barbara Earle he loved her. He seemed almost by instinct to understand the woman's grand, noble soul. He never mentioned his love; of what avail could it have been, when the girl who had so unconsciously won his heart was the affianced wife of his best friend?

So Bertie Carlyon, as many another man before him had done, shut up his love in the silence and secrecy of his own heart. He avoided seeing Barbara as much as possible; but he was a great favorite with the stately countess. She admired him, and encouraged his visits to the house. So it happened that not one day passed without bringing Bertie Carlyon to Grosvenor Square.

"I hear wonders of a young lady who is to be presented at the next Drawing-room," said Bertie Carlyon one day to Lady Bayneham

"Who is it?" asked the countess.

"I can give your ladyship every information," replied Mr. Carlyon. "We youngsters are in a state of fervent rejoicing. She is to be presented by Lady Hutton, the daughter and heiress of the late Sir Ralph Erskine, of Brynmar. The young lady is very beautiful, and if rumor speaks truly, her adopted child. She is called Lady Hutton's ward."

CHAPTER VIII.

LADY HUTTON'S WARD was greatly admired. No such beautiful girl had been seen for some time; it was a new style everyone declared; there was something so fresh and fair, so innocent and graceful about her. Even the brilliant Countess of Bayneham was pleased.

'She is perfect in her way," said that lady to her niece, "but her face is not developed; and unless I am greatly mistaken, it will attain much rarer beauty yet."

Lady Morton, the wife of one of the leading ministers gave a grand ball on the evening of the day on which the Drawing room was held Lord Bayneham, with his mother and cousin was to be present. It was arranged for Bertie Carlyon to dine at Grosvenor Square and accompany them to Lady Morton's.

They were late, the rooms were full, and everyone seemed to be talking about the same thing, the delicate beauty and rare grace of Lady Hutton's ward

'Claud," said Bertie to Lord Bayneham, "you must procure an introduction to Miss Hutton, the new beauty. Let us go into the ball-room, she is dancing, I think, with Sir Harry Poynts: I want you to see her."

The young earl had not paid much attention to what his friend was saying; all beauties were indifferent alike to him. They went through the long suite of brilliantly crowded rooms. At the farthest end of one stood a young girl in earnest conversation with an elderly gentleman, the celebrated painter whose pictures had taken the world by storm. His eyes, expressive of deep admiration, were bent upon her. She was well worthy of the artist's praise. It is seldom that in a London ball room a face so pure and lovely can be seen,—a face on which the world did not seem to have breathed, calm and unruffled in its sweet innocence and child-like grace;—violet eyes so clear and pure and full of truth; bright shining golden hair, that fell in rich waves over shoulders white and shapely: a slender, graceful figure, full of dignity; round, white arms, perfect in color and contour. She wore a dress of costly white lace, and a suite of pearls that a princess might envy.

'See," said Bertie Carlyon, quietly, "that is Miss Hutton. What do you think of her, Claud?"

Lord Bayneham made no reply. His face became white and his dark eyes grew darker still. The beautiful girl before him was the one who had haunted him day and night since he had met her on that May morning in the woods of Brynmar.

"What do you think of her?" asked Bertie impatiently.

"I have seen her before," replied Lord Bayneham, in a low, constrained voice. "She is very beautiful "

Bertie Carlyon looked wonderingly at his friend's face.

"I must have an introduction to her," said Claud.

Just at that moment they saw the Countess of Bayneham conversing with Lady Hutton.

The young earl hastened towards them His mother introduced him to Lady Hutton, who was more gracious than usual to the handsome young man who saluted her so reverentially.

What he had longed for came at last. While he was talking to Lady Hutton, Mr. Seton, the artist, returned with the fair young girl, and Lady Hutton introduced Claud to her

He had no need to ask if he were forgotten, for a deep burning flush covered the beautiful face, and the sweet eyes drooped, lest he should see the love-light in them.

Lady Hutton turned away with Mr Seton, and they were left together.

"I never dreamed of seeing you again," said Lord Bayneham "I am bewildered "

"You had not forgotten me?" she asked; and a new light came upon the lovely face.

Claud dared not trust himself to speak A whole torrent of burning words rose to his lips, but he would not utter them. After some minutes he said, gently:

"I do not think it very possible for any one to forget you, Miss Hutton. Tell me how Brynmar woods are looking. Are they bonnie as ever?'

'I was sorry to leave them," she replied. "I would rather be there than in London; here it seems to me all gaslight "

"Did you never find it dull at Brynmar?" he asked, smiling at her simplicity

'No," she replied, looking at him in sheer wonder, "never: sometimes I feel dull in London. It seems just like a new world to me."

It was also like a new world to Lord Bayneham; he forgot everything except that he had found her again; that he was looking at her radiant face, listening to her voice, watching the blushes that came and went with almost every word.

He offered her his arm almost mechanically; she took it, and they wandered through the rooms, forgetful of everything in the wide world except each other.

Miss Hutton had promised Captain Massey the next dance but she never remembered it until it was ended, and the gallant captain, looking very much hurt and annoyed, stood before her. Then a sense of her broken promise came over her

"I have been looking everywhere for you Miss Hutton," said the captain. "You had promised me this dance."

She apologized so sweetly and gracefully, that Captain Massey could not be angry, and Lord Bayneham felt something like a thrill of guilty satisfaction that she had forgotten some one else to talk to him.

They passed on quickly; but on entering the room that seemed to be reserved for conversation and flirtation, they met Barbara Earle and Lady Bayneham

Claud never looked at his cousin's face, or he would have seen upon it an expression of unqualified surprise then a wistful look of something like despair. In the excitement of his happiness he forgot that Barbara had seen the treasured picture, and would recognise his companion's beautiful face.

Lady Bayneham spoke to Miss Hutton, and then introduced Barbara Earle to her Barbara said some few courteous words, but the very tone of her voice seemed changed as she did so.

Ah, this was his secret. He had seen Miss Hutton before; and her face had charmed him so much that he had painted it. How every feature must have dwelt in his memory! Where, and how could he have met her? She was very lovely, and a sharp pang shot through Barbara's heart as she noticed the grace and perfection of that delicate beauty; but a still sharper pain struck her as she saw her cousin's changed face; it had never lighted up so for her. He had never looked at her as he did at Miss Hutton, and she was his promised wife.

Just than another gentleman came to claim Miss Hutton's hand, and Barbara Earle was left with Lord Bayneham. He seemed to awake from a bewildering dream. His eyes followed every movement of her figure. He watched her until she had passed from sight; then he turned with a profound sigh to Barbara.

His short, bright dream was ended. The plain, cold hard reality was before him; of what avail, if he had found her again? What could it matter? What if she had given him her sweetest smiles and kindest words? What if she remembered him as vividly and as truly as he had thought of her? It was all of no avail. He belonged to another. His promised wife stood before him looking with sad, wistful eyes in his face.

'Claud," she said, gently, "you have met Miss Hutton before to-night, have you not?"

"Only once," he replied; then there flashed across his mind the remembrance of that picture which Barbara Earle had seen and admired. He grew confused and embarrassed; she looked on quietly and calmly. "I saw her under such peculiar circumstances," he added, feeling that some explanation was due, "in such a picturesque spot, and with such beautiful surroundings, that I made a little sketch of the scene. You saw it, Barbara?'

"Yes, I saw it," she replied, "and it was a very good painting. How well you remembered the face. Claud, if you only saw it once!"

Barbara could not help this little bit of malice.

"It is one not easily forgotten " he replied, coldly. "Are you engaged Barbara, for this next waltz?—may I have the pleasure?"

Not one word more did the cousins exchange on the subject

Later on in the evening Barbara Earle sought Miss Hutton. She wanted to see more of her, to know what was hidden under that lovely face; and she found her by Lady Hutton's side.

'Have you seen those rare japonicas, Miss Hutton?" she asked, "they are in the long drawing-room, Lady Morton is very proud of them. If you are fond of flowers they will please you."

"I like flowers almost better than anything else in the world," replied Hilda; "they have been my companions at Brynmar. I shall be so glad to see them."

"You are not unlike one yourself," thought Barbara Earle. "I wonder what it is you like better."

The two girls walked down the ball room together. They reached the stand on which the japonicas were placed, and Hilda bent her beautiful face over them. The room was nearly empty; Captain Massey and Mr. Seton were at the other end. They stood watching the young girls bending over the flowers.

There could not have been a greater contrast,—Hilda so fair and bright and radiant, her shining golden hair and rich white dress; Barbara Earle, dark and stately a noble soul shining through her eloquent face, giving it a beauty all its own.

'That would not make a bad picture," said Captain Massey to the artist; "what title should you give it?"

"I hardly know," said the artist, musingly. "Miss Earle is my highest ideal of a beautiful noble woman. Miss Hutton is the truest type of a lovely girl. I could not say to which I should accord the palm I could not choose between them."

Lord Bayneham joined them at that moment, and overheard the last few words, and felt that they were true He saw the woman he loved, and the woman who loved him; but for him there was no choice. Fate, honor, and truth, bound him to one, while his heart and love lay at the feet of the other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BEFORE THE DAYBREAK.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

Before the daybreak shines a star
That in the day's great glory fades;
Too fiercely bright is the full light
That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the daybreak sings a bird
That stills her song are morning light;
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
The woodland's thousand tongued delight.

Ah! great the honor is, to shine
A light wherein no traveler errs;
And rich the prize, to rank divine
Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
And I would be that loneller bird;
To shine with hope, while hope's afar,
And sing of love, when love's unheard.

The Bandit Chief.

BY J. P. CAMPBELL.

ORGANIZED as a system in Italy about 1770, brigandage has flourished with various fortunes to the present day. The brigands do not receive into membership any man who has not forfeited his life to society; otherwise they would run the risk of being betrayed by their comrades, a treachery almost without example among these fellows, whose practice proves that there is a certain "honesty among thieves."

The dress of the brigands has undergone scarcely a change for a century. The hat is high crowned, conical, and wound round with gay-colored ribbons, the ends floating on the air. Jacket, waistcoat, and pantaloons, are of velvet, the chief's being richly ornamented with gold lace. The waistcoat has four rows of buttons, the middle row of brass, the others purely ornamental, being bell shaped and of silver. The pantaloons of the chief have a broad seam of gold lace, those of the privates of yellow silk. They wear no shoes, but pieces of sole leather held in place by strings and ribbons. Some of the wealthy robbers wear gold watches, chains, and earrings. This luxury is prompted not only by vanity, but by the distrustful spirit of the outlaws. An economical brigand might be suspected of hoarding his stealings to provide against leaving the band and earning his pardon by killing one of his comrades. A cloak completes the costume The arms consist of a carbine, often inlaid with gold and silver, and enriched with precious stones, a long heavy poniard, the handle and sheath silver mounted, and a broad copper belt, which encircles the waist, and is secured in front by a large silver clasp. To the right and left of this buckle are thirty-two tubes to hold cartridges, the balls being sixteen to the pound. The silver belt clasp is often adorned with images of saints and pious sentences.

During the first French empire, in the days of conscription, very severe laws were passed against the brigands, in the hope of crushing them by legal enactments enforced by the musket and sabre. Every one who knew their haunts was ordered to point them out to the authorities. These latter conceived the idea of reducing the outlaws by famine. An embargo was proclaimed—that is, it was forbidden to send any provisions out of any town or village except under military escort, and the peasants were compelled, under penalty of death, to take their meals in their cottages before going into the fields to work. All the flocks and herds were numbered, and had to graze in certain designated pastures, under the protection of an armed force.

Great cruelty was exercised in carrying out the decrees Thus the governor of one province, having arrested four inoffensive young men, brothers of two brigands, had them killed in prison, under pretence that they had attempted to escape, and an archer who was taking the wife of a brigand to prison, stabbed her on the road, assigning for a reason that she had uttered seditious cries and called on her husband to help her.

The brigands retaliated by horrible cruelties and were in a fair way to execute indiscriminate vengeance on a grand scale, when Pasquale Tambucci, a man with some indistinct sense of right and wrong, persuaded his followers to square their accounts with the authorities on a different basis.

Pasquale Tambucci, the brigand chief, had great executive abilities. Learning that the governor of the province was traveling, he ambushed him and quietly awaited the result. Soon the governor's coach came rolling along, escorted by a squad of dragoons. At a signal from Tambucci, an overpowering force of brigands sprang into the highway and levelled their carbines at the government cavalry.

The bandit chief commanded the coachman to halt, and then opening the carriage door, took off his hat, and made a low and graceful bow to the occupant.

"Your excellency," said the outlaw, "you will do me a great favor if you will take a short walk with me in the forest. You will find shade and refreshment, and I am really delighted to offer you a momentary respite from the heat and dust of the highway."

"You are too kind," replied his excellency, as he was assisted from his carriage by the courteous brigand; "and I assure you that I duly appreciate your hospitable invitation."

Tambucci, in anticipation of this interview, had, with incredible exertion, provided an immense stock of provisions, including several kegs of wine, and a sumptuous collation was arranged with much taste upon a level grassplot in the cool and grateful shade of gigantic chestnut trees.

The governor, who, until this moment, had firmly believed that his policy of starving out the brigands was completely successful, was thunderstruck.

Tambucci did the honors of the feast, and the governor accepted his hospitality with apparent satisfaction. In the course of the conversation, Tambucci learned that the four brothers of the two brigands, and the wife of one of the band, had been put to death, in consequence of a report from, and on the recommendation of, the mayor of the town of San Stefano. This was all he wanted to know. He conducted the governor back to his carriage, dismissed him without ransom, and suffered him and his escort to depart in peace, not a shot having been fired, or a man hurt.

As soon as his excellency returned home, he repealed the act respecting the export of provisions as perfectly useless, and set at liberty all who had been imprisoned merely on account of their relationship to outlaws.

When Tambucci rejoined his followers, after dismissing the governor, he said to them:

"My friends, instead of wreaking your vengeance on innocent parties, strike the guilty. The mayor of San Stefano is the real criminal. Let your just vengeance fall upon his head."

This task was assumed by the husband of the murdered woman—one Cotto—a rank scamp, but a model husband. He hid himself in the outskirts of San Stefano, watched all the movements of the luckless mayor, and one morning brought him down by a ball from his deadly carbine. After this lucky shot, Cotto rejoined his comrades in the mountains.

"Gentlemen," said this model husband, "every man must pay his debts. The mayor of San Stefano has this day discharged his obligations to me; and I am sure that my poor wife, whatever may be her present place of abode, has no reason to be dissatisfied with my post mortem attentions to her"

Tambucci was a daring rascal. One day he entered the town of Sezza, in spite of its walls, bastions and battlements, captured the Cavalier Magistri in his own house, and carried him off in the face and eyes of the people, in broad daylight. In the mountains they had a business talk; and the cavalier agreed to pay a ransom of $10 000 in gold, and not otherwise A shepherd, who served as a medium of communication between the rascals and the honest men, was sent to Sezza for the money. It so happened, however, that there was nothing but silver in Magistri's house, and the peasant came back with a horse load of that precious metal.

"What do you suppose I can do with that stuff" asked the bandit chief. "We must have something more portable. I told you I must have gold, and nothing else"

"I am extremely sorry," replied the prisoner. "If I had anticipated your visit to my house, I would have laid in a supply of gold. I will take care that no such accidents happen in future. We will send back the shepherd to the town, and let him exchange the silver for gold—I paying the premium of course."

"Well, let him go for gold," said the brigand; "but I'll keep the silver till he comes back."

"What's the use?" said Magistri "Haven't you got me?"

"If you were a really good business man," said the brigand, "you would know that two sureties are twice as good as one"

The peasant was sent off and came back with the gold fresh from the mint. Tambucci dismissed the most noble cavalier, thanking him very warmly; and well he might, for he kept the gold and silver both! Magistri dared not remonstrate. He was a close fisted old miser—immensely rich. He never gave a copper to the poor, turned his tenants into the street if their rent was not forthcoming on rent day, and had no friend in the world Everybody rejoiced at his misfortune.

But it was an unlucky day for Tambucci when he stopped the Cardinal Ugolino almost at the very gates of Fondi, in the kingdom of Naples; and having taken a fancy to his splendid pastoral ring, cut off the churchman's forefinger to seize his prize—for it fitted tight, and the bandit was in a great hurry, having heard the trumpets of the dragoons advancing to the rescue.

All this was particularly unlucky; for some time after Tambucci was captured in a skirmish, and the judge before whom he was brought for sentence was the same Ugolino. When he recognised the occupant of the bench, the bandit chief gave himself up for lost, as well he might.

"You villain!" said the Cardinal, shaking his mutilated hand at the culprit. "You deserve a hundred deaths. I sentence you to be hanged. I am determined to put an end to highway robbery."

"Your eminence should be the last person," answered the audacious criminal, "to say a word against it, for you yourself have had a finger in it."

These were the last words of Pasquale Tambucci.

GIVING FEES —A petty but endless trouble of the traveler in Europe for the first time is the matter of gratuities. You give a trifle all the time to every one who does you the least service Even for an apparently friendly word of information on the street you are expected to pay in this way. In England it is "a tip;" in France, the *pour boire* for drink; in Italy, *buono mano* the good hand; in Germany it is *trinkgeld*, drink money. It is not much money in any one instance, but foots up pretty well after an active day's work. We, as a rule, to whom the European measures are new, give too much. Englishmen of rank and wealth complain that Americans raise the costs of travel wherever they go.

For the gratuity to cab drivers, waiters at restaurants, etc., the recognised European usage is in England one penny for every shilling spent in fare or at the table, and in France and Italy about the same.

For porters two pence in England and one on the Continent for every piece of luggage handled—if it is only to carry it across a pavement. An umbrella or a shawl is a piece as well as a trunk. The driver of an omnibus, cab or fiacre, as a point of etiquette and out of professional consideration for the porters, will refuse to touch a piece of luggage himself—even to lift it from three feet away into his vehicle.

Visiting at private houses of the upper classes in England the servants expect their tips in gold coin if your stay is over a day or two. The smallest English gold coin is a ten shilling piece—$2 50 You fee the footman who attends your bedroom; the maid, if you have ladies, who serves their chambers; the butler who has charge of the dining room and force of waiters; the keeper, if you hunt; the groom you use if you ride, or the head of the stables if there are several, and generally any servant that you specially use.

On first class ocean steamers the gratuities are much analogous to those in a gentleman's house. The steward who waits on you at the table and the one who attends your state room, will each expect a fee in gold—ten shillings, $2 50, at least—from a single passenger; five dollars if you have baths brought into your room every morning, are particular about having your wines warmed or iced, or, in short, use the servants up to their full capacity. When the passage is $60 to $75 or less, these fees are less, about one-half of the figures above. The "boots" also looks to be remembered, about one-half the amount given the steward.

You can hardly insult anybody across the water by offering them anything, no matter what appears to be his or their official position. I have given a shilling in London to uniformed policemen and a franc in Paris to magnificent looking hotel managers. An acquaintance in London had several hundred dollars brought to him from his banking house, one of the largest there, by a clerk of the establishment, and the nattily-dressed young gentleman asked a shilling for his services. Imagine the consequences of offering ten cents to a conductor on the Pennsylvania railway who had shown you to your seat in the car and given you information as to when to get out; yet this is done all over England every day, and the uniformed and respectable looking guard hangs around stickily till he gets his sixpence.

THE DOGS OF CONSTANTINOPLE —I had heard a great deal of the numberless dogs roaming about the streets of Constantinople, and in this instance it was not exaggerated. To speak within bounds, I should say there were at least 100 000 dogs in the city; and I have seen as many as fourteen of them stretched out in the street at one place They are so lazy, and the streets so narrow, that when they stretch themselves out—tail and all—it is almost impossible to pass along with a carriage without driving over their tails, and when you do, they set up such a yelping cry as to arouse the entire neighborhood. They seem to a stranger to be a horrible nuisance; but as the city has no sanitary regulations it is necessary, I suppose, to keep the dirty dogs to clear away the filth of the more dirty Turks. It is astonishing to see the number of idle unproductives that the city contains; and priests—why, to use a common expression, the whole woods are full of them mostly Mohammedans and Greeks. I was told by a gentleman that there were not less than 60 000 priests in Constantinople. This may be exaggeration, but it seems to me that almost every third man you meet is a priest. S. A. M.

In our attempts to deceive the world, those are the most likely to detect us, *who are sailing on the same track.*

Always look at those whom you are talking *to*, never at those you are talking *of*.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

WOMAN'S WORK —Usually the men are the builders, but not always; the women erect the huts among the Bechuanas, Caffres, Damaras, as also do the women of the Outanatas, New Guinea; and sometimes it is the task of women to cut down trees. Among the Coradas the cooking of the dinner, as well as keeping in the fire is the business of the men, as it is in Samoa.

ELECTRIC PEOPLE —Virgil tells us that the hair of Ascanius, the reputed ancestor of Julius Cæsar, emitted a harmless flame, and Servius Tullius is known to have shot sparks out of his locks at the precocious age of seven. Cassandra Buri, who lived at Verona a couple of centuries ago, was unable to sleep in linen sheets because of the fire emitted from her body on getting into bed. Such were the crackling and blazing, that her maids often fancied they had dropped live cinders out of the warming pan into the bed.

ROBINSON CRUSOE —It has been taken for granted that this name was the invention of the great novelist, Defoe, but this is incorrect. He first met with the name Robinson Crusoe on a tombstone in an English graveyard. The rarity of the name, and possibly the fact that its owner had been a sailor, commended it for his purpose. The Crusoe family is an old one in Lynn, and there is no other family of the name known than the one which hails from that locality. Curiously enough, they have usually been seafaring people. Some of the descendants of the original Robinson are now living in this country.

NEEDLES.—The first suggestion of needles is given in the Bible, where it is recorded that Adam and Eve sewed fig leaves together. The fibres of plants would probably supply the thread, and a thorn spike, or any other small and sharp point, would make holes in the materials, through which the fibre could pass. The first needles used by the Egyptians were eyeless, about four inches long, and made of bronze. It is generally believed that needles were first introduced from Spain into England in Henry VIII.'s reign. They were imported from Spain, and were made of steel. They have differed little in shape or size since then.

DOLLS —Dolls were buried with their owners in olden times. The body of a young princess whose tomb was opened, was wrapped in golden tissues; beside her a silver casket contained the articles of her toilet; and finally, ivory dolls, whose presence is explained by the custom, according to which young girls consecrated their dolls to Venus before contracting marriage. In this is revealed in a marked manner the part of the doll in the amusements of childhood. The great offering, the solemn sacrifice of the Roman virgins to Venus, at the moment of marriage, was a doll By this they hoped to propitiate the goddess, and obtain from her a fortunate marriage.

THE JEWS —In the East, under one of the Sultans, the Jews were distinguished from the faithful by a brand mark, and their houses were defaced by figures of swine, apes or devils. In that terrible day Israelites slew their children and their wives to save them from the fiendish iniquities of their enemies. In comparatively recent times they were interdicted the use of Christian baths and inns; they were not allowed to employ Christian servants or to marry Christian women. They were commanded to wear a distinctive badge, which consisted of a pointed cap. No bailiff might arrest or maltreat a Christian for any debt due a Jew, and no Christian who killed a Jew should be prosecuted.

THE RUSSIAN BUTCHER —The anatomy of the Russian butcher is a very simple science. For as every part, flesh or bone, is alike frozen, they have no occasion to pay regard to the natural divisions of the joints. With the saw they cut up hogs into a number of steaks, an inch or two inches thick, as we do a round of beef. The flesh splits and shivers during the operation like wood, and the little beggar children are very busy picking up the animal sawdust out of the snow. You do not ask for a steak, a chop, or a joint, but for a slice, a block, a lump, a splinter of meat. The same is the case with fish; they too are as if cut out of marble and wood. Those of the diminutive species are bought in sacks, and they are put into the scales with shovels.

CHINESE DOGS —A strong attachment exists between the Chinese dog and his master in many cases. A black dog with white ears is said to be the king of the race; a black dog with yellow eyebrows is highly esteemed as a good house dog, while a white one with black eyebrows is correspondingly at a discount, as likely to destroy the prosperity of its owner. A "lion dog," one of a small, shaggy breed, is, on the contrary, regarded as a possession likely to improve the fortune of the family in which it may be domesticated. The "sleeve dog," so called from being of a size sufficiently diminutive to admit of its being carried in the wide Chinese sleeve, is the lap dog of China, and is very expensive. "Black Dragon," "Blackie," "Yellow Ear," "Jewel," "Pearl," etc., are specimens for the names of dogs.

A SINGLE THOUGHT.

BY J. G. HARIS.

Whenever, like a visitant from heaven,
A high and holy thought knocks at your door,
Give it an angel's welcome; set great store
By such an advent, for to few is given
One like it but as pledge of many more.
A single thought has often backward driven
Oceans of trouble, and asunder riven
Fetters that never could be burst before.
And as the fountain of a mighty stream
Lies often deeply hidden far away
From every parent spring of which we dream,
And, gurgling softly, shuns the eye of day,
So, many a great and grand career would seem—
Tracked to its source—a single thought at play.

Nellie's Mistake.

BY ALLEN MORPETH.

NELLIE GRAHAM stood leaning against the casement of an open window leading on to a sloping lawn, at whose base flowed a sunny, rippling stream of water.

Near her, reclining on a low, easy chair, sat a young girl of about her own age.

At first glance the exquisite soul-loveliness of her face paled in Miss Graham's more brilliant beauty, but there was more to love its possessor and fewer to envy her.

Something like indignation was in her voice as she addressed her friend.

"I cannot believe that you mean it, Nellie," she said. "You have been engaged to Carol Stanley a year, and how can you say so carelessly that your engagement shall be broken——"

"Beg pardon," interrupted the other, in low ironical tones. "I have not yet been engaged to Carol Stanley twenty four hours. It was to Lord Carol Stanley I gave my pledge."

"Oh, but Nellie, because he has lost title and estate, must he also lose the woman of his love? Think a minute. You surely will not give him up so easily? Think better of it, dear. I know you care for him. Do not so lightly renounce your life's happiness."

"You plead his cause eloquently, my dear. Really I did not know I possessed a rival in my fair cousin. Perhaps a heart caught in the rebound. You know the rest of course, and can point the moral."

"Nellie, you are cruel—cruel! I——"

But the late speaker had passed through the open window out of hearing, and advanced to meet a man quickly approaching on the green sward, while the young girl left behind fell back in her chair, the great tears coursing down her cheeks, on which the crimson color signal flamed.

"I must leave this place. I cannot meet him again. I must go home! But, oh! how can she give him up!"

Myra Lynne and Nellie Graham were cousins. The girls, however, had been closely united, more by the tie of friendship than cousinship, since the latter was a distant bond, and Graham Court was almost as much Myra's home as her own.

Now, however, the plainer charms of her own humble home were very grateful to her.

Here no one could probe the discovery so new to herself—could trace the scarlet blush which seemed so often to burn her cheek, until she wondered that it did not leave its brand.

She had been home six weeks, and twice Carol Stanley had ridden over to see her, but she always denied herself to him on some household pretext, until one morning he overtook her in the road.

"So I am to find you at last," he said.

His voice sounded the same as of old, the bright cheery tone was unchanged.

"Have you seen Nellie lately?" she at last found courage to ask.

"No," he answered, and then she saw the frown gather on his brow, and an expression of pain come about his lips. "I see as little of your cousin as possible now. You know, Miss Lynne, I am no longer a subject for congratulation."

"Yes, I know," she said. "I——"

"Don't pity me," he interrupted. "I can't bear that quite yet."

"I did not mean to pity you," she replied.

And then the conversation drifted into other channels.

"Oh, if Nellie had not spoken of the heart caught in the rebound!" she thought, when week after week Carol Stanley would find his way to their garden, or the parlor, to spend long hours with its fair young mistress.

She understood so well why he came, because now and then Nellie's name drifted into the idle talk, and because as he grew stronger he dared speak of her and the love he had borne her.

It was a mingled pain and pleasure to listen.

If only she had not learned her own heart, the pain would have been less.

But she was destined to learn it more fatally yet, as one morning, strolling through the woods together, the sharp report of a hunter's gun close beside them startled them both.

The next instant her companion sank white and senseless on the sward beside her, while the affrighted hunter, whose misaimed charge had entered his arm, hastened forward.

"Bring assistance quickly!" exclaimed Myra, while she raised the heavy head to her lap. "Carol, speak to me!" she moaned. "Carol, Carol!"

He opened his eyes with a half-wandering look, as though delirium must have overtaken him.

At this instant the hunter returned with assistance, and a half hour later the wounded man had been borne to Myra's home, the wound dressed, and the knowledge given that it was merely a flesh hurt, painful but not dangerous; yet his recovery was a tedious affair.

He grew moody and abstracted.

It gave him more time to think of Nellie and his loss, Myra thought, even while she wondered why his eyes followed her with such a strange, questioning look.

Once she entered his room with some freshly cut flowers in her hand.

"Where shall I put them, Mr. Stanley?" she questioned.

"Mr. Stanley," he answered. "Did I not once hear you call me Carol? Or was it a sweet fancy wafted from dreamland?"

Again the crimson tide dyed her face.

"Don't," she said, as though he had hurt her, and hastened from the room, bearing with her the flowers, and it seemed to him the light and sunshine.

Had he been blind all this time, and was he just beginning to see?

A grand ball was to be given at Graham Court, at which Nellie insisted that Myra should be present.

The invalid was fully recovered now, and he too was summoned to the feast.

Miss Graham had plunged into constant gaiety since the breaking of her engagement to Carol Stanley, but it had all failed to fill the empty place in her heart.

On the evening of her ball, she picked up the paper sent down by the afternoon's mail.

Glancing idly over its pages, she suddenly started at seeing the name of the man to whom she so lately had been betrothed.

It was a published decision of the court that, owing to some disability, the title could not descend to Carol Stanley's cousin, but, together with the estates, must remain in his possession.

He was, then, Lord Stanley still.

Fool that she had been!

But the decision had been made public but a few hours.

He would never dream of the accident which had brought it to her knowledge.

To night, while he still thought her in ignorance, she must win him back.

It was late when he entered the spacious drawing rooms.

"I have been waiting for you," she said, in her sweetest, lowest tones.

"You honor me too greatly, Miss Graham," he replied.

"Let us go into the conservatory," she added. "It is cooler there."

He offered his arm.

From a distant corner of the room, Myra saw them.

"She need not have feared," she thought, bitterly, only the next moment to reproach herself with her selfishness.

"I will not begrudge him any happiness," she said to herself.

"Have you forgotten the last time we were here together, Mr. Stanley?" Nellie was asking at this moment.

"No," he answered, gravely, looking quietly but surprisedly into the beautiful face beside him.

"Can one ever retrieve a mistake," she asked, "when one finds it out?"

"I do not know," he replied, toying with an exquisite rose beside him, as he continued:

"Can one cause the rose blighted in mid summer to bloom again in the frosts of winter?"

An hour later Carol Stanley led Miss Lynne to the same spot.

"I love you, Myra," he said, simply. "I thought my heart was dead when I met you. I know now that it has never lived. My darling, will you be my wife?"

"Oh Carol, you are sure, sure of yourself?"

"I have been made sure to night," he answered, drawing her close to his heart and breaking off the splendid rose with which he had toyed an hour before, to place it in her hair.

She was too happy to question his words or their meaning—too happy even to let Miss Graham's congratulations sting, when she said, scornfully:

"A heart caught in the rebound. Did I not tell you so?"

Too happy even to be made happier when she learned she was to share no humble lot with the man she loved, but that her wedding day made her Lady Myra Stanley.

It makes a mother's heart revert to her younger days when she comes into the parlor next morning after her daughter's beau has been round and finds only one chair in front of the fireplace and the others sitting along the wall as if they hadn't been touched for three years.

The Poisoned Cup.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

AFTER rich Frank Manning married Elsie Graham in a fit of pique and jealousy, Margaret Preston, once his betrothed wife, suffered more than words can tell.

She nearly went mad with rage and pride and wounded passion, but she had sense enough to hide her heart from envious eyes.

And when she was once more mistress of herself she called upon the bride, and Mrs. Manning who knew nothing of the old love story, welcomed her heartily, and told Frank on his return home that she was delighted with his old friend Miss Preston.

"She cannot have cared for me," thought Frank Manning, with a pang no husband should have felt at such a thought, but the little wife never guessed it, and it did not harm her.

She returned the young lady's call, and an intimacy began at once.

So that when the Mannings went to their place in the country for the summer season, Elsie sent a warm invitation to Miss Preston.

Margaret thought it over.

It was an offer not to be despised by a fashionable girl with a small income.

She desired to marry, and hotels at watering places were expensive.

All the men of their set would be at Frank Manning's at one time or another.

The neighboring residents were people of position.

She could dress and flirt to her heart's content, and Frank would see what a prize he had lost, even while she gave him plainly to understand that she was glad to have escaped the matrimonial yoke.

And then she wrote a loving note to Elsie, and held an interview with her dressmaker.

And Frank Manning—well, he had loved this girl and had married Elsie because she had made him angry.

And Elsie was so sweet and mild and gentle.

And now he was waiting for her coming with a guilty feeling at his heart.

He wanted to see her, to sit by her, to hear her sing. As her host he could do this, at least.

He went to the depot to drive her home.

Elsie had of course expected him to do that, but she had not expected what followed; for when they were in the little wagonette side by side, and she turned and looked into his eyes, Frank Manning had kissed the girl.

It was night, and though the moon was bright the shady lanes which led to the park were still and lonely.

No human eyes looked down upon them, and their lips had met so often—oh, so often!—before.

But Margaret drew back and flushed scarlet, and said:

"You forget you are a married man, sir."

And Frank answered:

"Yes, I did forget. Pardon me."

Then there was silence.

She had hoped that he might be regretful of the the past, but had not dreamt that he would dare presume upon it.

For an hour or so after—the evening was over—the long dinner, the music in the parlor, the talk, the walk in the moonlight, with the young wife's arm about her waist—Margaret intended to make her visit very brief.

In a little while however she changed her mind.

She would stay; and this wife, who boasted to her of her husband's love, should suffer a little also.

And now all that was evil asserted itself in Margaret Preston's heart, and where evil once abides it grows stronger day by day.

She laughed, she flirted, she danced with other men, but she met Frank alone by the banks of the river.

She sang duets with this one, looked merrily into the eyes of that, but in the lonely woods she sat by Frank's side with his arm about her waist.

They talked freely of the past now.

He had confessed that she was yet more to him than any other woman; more than his trusting, unsuspicious wife.

Only that little life stood between them, and often as Margaret looked at Elsie, she felt that she should be glad to see her in her coffin.

Yet the end of her visit approached.

She must go, since she could have no excuse for lingering, and in her absence, might not the wife win the heart of one who already respected and admired her, though his passion was another's?

Surely.

So with the fiend's whisper in her ears, Margaret Preston walked out alone, making the purchase of some little trifle in the village an excuse for a solitary hour.

For a while she battled with her hate for Elsie, knowing her to have none but friendly feelings to herself, but it overpowered her at last.

Then suddenly—surely Satan was whispering in her ears—she remembered that she had heard of a drug, which, though almost an instantaneous poison, left little trace, and was tasteless.

For a moment she trembled, and flung the suggestion from her; but Satan is strong.

There was a drug store in the village, and the proprietor had left a young, empty-pated clerk in charge.

The poison which would not have been sold by the older man to any stranger without a doctor's prescription, was dealt out without a thought by this boy, and Margaret went home with the tiny packet hidden in her bosom.

Elsie was watching for her coming from the verandah.

She came forward to meet her guest with a sweet smile.

"The others have had lunch," said she, "but I waited for you. I have had our little table set in the bow-window, with the view of the river. We shall have such a cosy time."

Then she led the way to the dining-room, Margaret following and tossing her hat and mantle on a sofa.

The young hostess poured the coffee and handed a cup to her guest, taking one for herself.

At that moment some one called from the hall:

"Come, both of you. Something to see."

It was only a great pleasure barge going up the river with a picnic party.

Elsie left the table and ran into the room.

Margaret delayed an instant before she followed.

In that little space of time she had emptied the poison into poor Elsie's cup of coffee, and thrust the crumpled paper that had held it back into her bosom.

Elsie returned first.

As she seated herself she happened to notice that the cup she had passed to Margaret was overfilled.

It looked untidy; neither had yet been tasted.

And with the natural impulse of a careful hostess Elsie changed the cups.

Little did she guess what she was doing.

She only desired to set before her guest that which was neatest.

And little did Margaret know what had happened that brief instant.

She looked to see her rival turn pale.

She watched for some token that the poison had begun its work.

Instead she herself felt a strange faintness creeping over her, was conscious of a sudden agony.

The fate she had decreed for the innocent young wife was to be her own, and it came too swiftly to leave much time for thought.

Before the man who had ridden fast and furiously across the country to find the nearest doctor had performed his errand, all was over.

Dying, Margaret Preston understood only that in some way Providence had outwitted her.

"Pray for me," she whispered to Elsie. "I dare not pray for myself."

And with her hand held fast between Elsie's hands, with Elsie's tears falling fast upon her pillow, Margaret died.

They found the crumpled paper with "poison" written on it in her bosom.

The coroner's jury gave a verdict of suicide, and remorse filled Frank Manning's heart, for he believed that Margaret Preston had killed herself because she could not live without him.

In his trouble he made a sort of confession to his wife.

No man ever made a full and true one under such circumstances.

What Elsie gathered from it was that her own attractions had made him forget those of Margaret Preston, and that the poor girl could not endure the sight of their mutual tenderness; and so to this day she believes, and often goes with her husband to the churchyard where Margaret lies, and with her own fair hands plants flowers upon the grave of the woman who would fain have done her to death that she might win for her own the husband who, though not as true and perfect as Elsie believes him, now loves her very fondly; loves her, though he remembers with a pang the passionate creature who as he fancies died for love of him.

In this world the truth will never be known, and it is better that it should not be.

A hatchet-faced woman of about fifty-one summers, with a wealth of freckles in her face and a snuff-stick in her mouth, got into a crowded car. There were half a dozen gentlemen on the car, but none of them offered to give her a seat. After she had waited a reasonable time she said: "Ef eny of you galoots is waitin' for me to squat in yer laps, you are barkin' up the wrong tree, for I want yer to understand I'm a lady." A dread that she was not in earnest caused six gentlemen to leave the car.

Some men carry long, blue faces about with them, as if they were determined that they wouldn't enjoy the good things the Lord spread before them in this world, and yet expecting to have an eternity of joy in the next. They are mistaken. They wouldn't know what to do with an eternity of joy if they had it.

FAMILIAR FACES.

BY ETHEL TANE.

I know the words are beautiful;
That those well-chosen rhymes
Fall smoothly, clear and musical
As softly-calling chimes.

But seldom now I heed the flow
Of rhymes so often told,
Although the thoughts that lie below
Seem sweeter than of old.

'Tis much the same, O friend, with you;
I often hardly see
How darkly fringed and deeply blue
The eyes you turn on me.

Yes, words and faces that we know
Will pall at times, I fear;
'Tis thoughts and souls that do but grow
More intimately dear.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER X'.—(CONTINUED)

SEVERAL times during the day her sister-in-law fancied she detected a restless uneasiness in the manner of Clara, a nervous impatience, which, in her charity, she attributed to guilt—had we said hopefulness we fear we should not have greately wronged her, so bitter were her feelings towards the wife whose spirited reproof had publicly humbled her.

The scheming spinster would have been greatly surprised and offended, no doubt, if anyone had doubted her being a Christain. Did she not go to church twice on the Sabbath? Was she not a constant attendant at Lent preachings, a liberal subscriber to schools, dispensaries, and soup-kitchens? All very true, but one thing was wanting. Forgiveness of injuries, real or imaginary, although an article of her creed, formed no part of her practice, and yet morning and night she repeated the Dominical prayer.

We fear the world is full of such professors.

The ladies were seated in the drawing-room. Miss Berrington regarded the time-piece: it wanted but half an hour of midnight.

"Positively, my love," she said, "I cannot allow you to sit up for Edward any longer. Remember what Dr. Bray said. We cannot be too careful of your health."

"If I were only certain he was safe."

"Safe!" repeated her sister in law. "Why what can possibly happen to him? The days of romance, midnight assassins, and highway robbers are past and gone. So go to bed like an obedient little wife, or I shall advise my brother on his return to scold you."

All this was uttered very naturally, and would have been kind had it been sincere. At the very moment the speaker urged Clara to retire she believed—we fear we must add hoped—that it was to meet a lover in the ruined chapel. Of course she would not have admitted this even to herself. Perhaps she was unconscious of it.

World! World! The best of us, I fear, are sad humbugs with a clever knack of painting our own sins in neutral tints, whilst we employ the most glaring colors to depict our neighbors'.

A few minutes later and the speakers retired to their respective rooms

It may probably be asked why Miss Berrington did not watch in the half-ruined chapel herself instead of employing another. The answer is very simple. To have done so she must have passed through the servants'-hall, easy enough to do in the daytime, but impossible at that late hour without being observed.

Jane was already at her post, and had for some time, carefully enveloped in a dark cloak, hid in the old family pew, which commanded a view of the building. At first she did not feel particularly nervous—the thought of the ten sovereigns kept up her courage—but as the hours dragged on an uncomfortable sensation gradually crept over her. The stories of the housekeepers room recurred to her imagination in all their terrors. Ignorance is invariably superstitious and more than once she thought of retreating; but then the recompense, the sweet things it would purchase—dress stirred fear.

"I won't," she muttered to herself, "I won't; as my lady says, it's all nonsense. I should be a fool, having stood it so long to run like a coward at last. I don't believe there are such things as ghosts, and if there are they can't harm me."

Very logical, indeed, Jane: just the line of argument to keep up your courage.

The first, and, in fact, only trial to her resolution was the appearance of a light in the tribune. The waiting maid felt monstrously inclined to scream, but; fortunately, recognised the old housekeeper as the person who carried it just in time to check it. Her terrors vanished in an instant: curiosity supplied their place; the only thing she wondered at was how Mrs. Goodings could get there.

A second figure appeared—it was Clara.

In a few minutes they stood in the body of the chapel, so close to the pew that Jane overheard every word they uttered.

"Wait here, my dear young lady," said the old domestic, "whilst I unlock the gate. Shall I have the light?"

"I have no fears," was the reply.

Mrs Goodings proceeded as far as the front, the turning of a rusty key was heard, followed by a heavy footstep upon the pavement.

The next instant Mrs. Berrington was in the arms of her father.

On receiving her letter the poor recluse had quitted his retreat in Germany, and braved the hazard of arrest, of ending his days in a prison, to protect his child. Obliged to come secretly, the former master of Wraycourt had found a temporary retreat at Alston Hall, the seat of his godson.

"My dear, dear father," sobbed Clara, as she covered his pale face with kisses.

"Only old Mr. Bouchier, after all," thought the waiting-maid.

"What risks have you not run? I shall never forgive myself for writing that letter. Had I but known the danger——"

"I could not rest without seeing you once more," interrupted her parent, tenderly; "but answer me truly. Let no fear for me induce you to—I will not say deceive, that you are incapable of, but to conceal anything from me. You say that Edward is most kind to you."

"Truly and really kind."

"And his sister? I always doubted that woman; treachery is written in every line of her hardvisaged——"

"You wrong her, you do indeed," replied his daughter. "She is not naturally an amiable person, and felt resentful, no doubt, at her brother marrying, but that is past. She is doing her best, I feel convinced, to attone the past, and is really trying to like me."

"Trying!" repeated Alwyn Bouchier, gazing on the speaker fondly.

"I do not like this mystery," continued Mrs. Berrington. "Why not see Edward, and——"

"Give him reason to suppose I expect him to pay my debts," interupted her parent hastily. "No, Clara, no. He is just the kind of man to suspect me of such baseness, and if he did not, his sister would. This may be our last meeting; if so, the place is well chosen," he continued, looking around him.

"Not the last, dear father, not the last."

"I must leave Waryoourt at once. Sir Earnest will drive me to Cairn Cross, where I shall catch the night-mail to London; it is only four miles."

"Have you any reason to suppose that your presence in the country is suspected, that you fly so soon?"

"Prudence," replied the old man, evasively. He did not choose to tell her he had been followed through the wood, as far even as the shrubbery, for fear it would alarm her. "Prudence. I must not give my affectionate cousin Gurtha the satisfaction of locking me up in a prison."

"Think you she would do so?"

"Perhaps not, if left to her own feelings," replied Alwyn Bouchier; "but she has those about her who are interested in keeping up the family feud."

Mrs. Berrington repeated the conversation she had with Dr Bray, and the wish her relative had expressed of being introduced to her.

"See her, by all means," answered her father. "Since the overture comes from her there can be no meanness in doing so. You will find her brusque, but truthfull. If there is not much sympathy, there is no treachery in her disposition. What she says she means; what she promises she will perform to the letter. I have no right to complain; she fought her battles loyally. And so, Clara, I must leave you."

"Not yet! Not yet!"

"At once; but before I go promise me that, unless an absolute necessity for doing so should arise, you will not tell that purse-proud man, your husband, or his malevolent sister, of this visit. Weakness, no doubt, but I should not like them to know the last male of the line of Bouchier, came to Wraycourt in secrecy and darkness."

"Under no circumstances, I solemnly promise," said his daughter.

Little did Alwyn Bouchier foresee the consequences of the request a false pride induced him to make.

After a few hurried words and kisses he tore himself away.

The old housekeeper locked the gate, and, taking up the lamp, conducted her mistress through the tribune back to her own apartment.

"Well," ejaculated the spy, when once more left alone, "if it hasn't been as good as a play, but I must seek my mistress."

CHAPTER XII.

"WELL, Jane," exclaimed Miss Berrington, as the waiting maid entered the dining-room, "the ghosts have not run away with you, I presume?"

"No miss, but it is has been very trying. I am sure I don't know how I keep my courage in such strange goings on; such a coming and going to no one knows where."

"Do be a little more intelligible," said her mistress, impatiently.

The Abigail tossed her head. There was a secret between them, and she considered herself very intelligible.

"I thought I was miss. I am sure I spoke plainly enough."

"Proceed—no comments."

"Certainly, miss. I had not been more than two hours in my hiding place when I saw a light in the little box-looking gallery near the altar—my heart did beat, not exactly with fright—and who do you think carried it? Mrs Gooddings, miss; that conceited, wicked old housekeeper, who gives herself such airs, looks down upon everyone in the servants' hall as if she was a real lady. I hate her! Mrs. Berrington followed her."

"Shocking!"

"So I thought. Presently, I heard a rumbling of keys, and then a gentleman walked up the chapel. You should have seen the kissing and embracing. Not that there was any great harm in it, after all. For who do you think it turned out to be—old Mr. Bouchier."

"You are quite certain?"

"Of course I am, miss. I saw him often enough in Germany."

We fear, and it is a dreadful word to use, but truth compels us, that her mistress received the intelligence with a feeling akin to disappointment.

"You overheard their conversation, Jane?"

"Yes, miss," answered the waiting-maid, "I did hear it. The old gentleman made her promise not to acquaint her purse-proud husband with his visit, and asked her if she was really happy. It seems he was afraid of being arrested."

"Did he speak of me?"

"Oh, yes. When Mrs. Berrington told him as you were sorry for what you had done, and were trying to love her, he put no faith in it, talked of the hard lines on your malignant—that was the word—malignant looking countenance."

"Insolent!"

"Of course it was, miss."

"And did you hear nothing more?"

"Only that Sir Earnest was to drive him to Cairn Cross to catch the mail for London."

Miss Berrington sat for some minutes buried in deep reflection. The solution of the mystery did not so greatly surprise her. She had partly proved the truth, but it would not do for her brother to learn it. In his joy at finding the wife he suspected guiltless, he might be capable of any act of folly, even the paying of his father-in-law's debts, and then she would miss the satisfaction of her revenge by seeing Clara made happy.

"Edward must never know of this," she thought. "It would destroy his confidence in my judgment, and fortunately Clara's pledge of silence to her father renders it easy to keep it from him. She is just the fool to adhere to it. Purse-proud!" she repeated, "hard visaged! They shall find my heart harder than my face. Trying to love her—trying. The mask must have been badly worn for Clara to have discovered it; perhaps I shall be able to throw it aside soon, and then——"

A bitter smile completed the half uttered sentence.

"Jane," she said, "you have conducted yourself exceedingly well."

"I am glad you are satisfied, miss."

"As a proof that I am, I shall make the ten sovereigns twenty."

"Thank you. Only to think of Mr. Bouchier calling so good a lady by such names."

"On one condition."

"Yes miss."

"That you solemnly promise me," added her mistress, speaking very deliberately, "never to mention to any human being what has occurred to night. You are a shrewd girl, and I need not tell you that the affair has turned out much better than I expected."

She might have added than she desired.

The waiting maid promised, and received the bribe both for her services and future silence. Many a time afterward she regretted it. Ten pounds she considered barley paid her for foregoing the pleasure of throwing the discovery in the teeth of the stately old housekeeper, especially after she had spent them.

On his way back through the wood, Alwyn Bouchier imagined that he was followed. Several times he paused to listen; on the last occasion there could be no mistake; footsteps were distinctly audible.

"What!" he said. "Do they think to trap me in my native woods? Fools! I could kill a hundred of them."

The fugitive continued his course till he came to a broken obelisk in the centre of an open space where four cross roads met, when he paused for an instant, as if to recollect himself.

"Ten—yes it is ten. Cousin Gurtha, you have not caught me yet."

The speaker resumed his walk, counting the trees on the right hand till he came to the tenth oak, when he slid down the bank, and disappeared through the underwood.

Two minutes later Mr. Lynx was standing in front of the obelisk with a bewildered air. He could see nothing of him.

"Don't hear him," he muttered, "and yet I was on his track. Could swear to it. This is a queer place: thought I knew every turn in it, and so I do by daylight."

The rustling of heavy wings was heard in the cover; something had disturbed the pheasants.

"All right," said the detective, making way almost in the same direction the father of Clara had taken.

Again Mr. Bouchier heard the footsteps of his pursuer. This time, however, he disdained to hurry himself, but walked at his usual pace. In a few minutes they were parallel with his own, still he saw no one.

There was a noise of someone breaking through the brushwood. Even this did not seem to alarm him. A splash, followed by curses, followed.

The gentleman counted a certain number of trees again, and disappeared in a simular manner.

When the detective scrambled out of the deep ditch into which he had fallen, no one was to be seen.

"This is magic," he muttered, hurrying onwards.

The wood at Wraycourt, as our readers, doubtless, already have suspected, was a maze and once safe within its labyrinths, a dozen persons would fail to catch or even see the person they sought for, unless they possessed the clue to it.

Mr. Lynx made a second, and even a third attempt, but each time with a simular result; the guardian ditch was there. Completely baffled, he made his way to the extremity of the wood by the beaten carriage road, and arrived just as Sir Earnest and Alwyn Bouchier drove off in the direction of Cairn Cross.

"Baffled!" said the detective. "Haven't seen his face, can't swear that he came from the wood, but I know the gray horse."

Not knowing what else to do, he hastened back to the pavilion to acquaint his employer with his disappointment.

A fearful curse broke from the lips of the jealous husband.

"And you saw him drive towards Alston Hall?" he said.

"No, sir, no; he must have passed me to have gone that way; too cunning for that; went through the village."

"There is no other road," observed Mr. Berrington.

"Then he will return by it," replied Mr. Lynx.

There was something fearful in the look of the deadly hate that flashed from the eyes of Mr Berrington.

"Return by it," he repeated, slowly. "Did you see his face?"

"Too far off, sir. Couldn't see Sir Ernest's face."

This was a clever suggestion of the detective's.

"Return to the house, and watch the garden entrance," said the gentleman. "Do not leave till my return."

"Do you go with me, sir?"

The question had to be repeated.

"No, I will remain about the grounds. Perhaps he may return—the night air will cool me. I have been stifled in that cursed pavilion."

No sooner had the detective left him than Mr. Berrington hastened through the wood, and only drew breath on reaching the road, just at the turning which led to Alston Hall.

"He must return this way. What if I call him to account," he muttered, "and shoot him like a dog? Perhaps he will refuse me satisfaction, refer me to some friend, and then the shame, the infamy will be public, the disgrace known: men will make sport of my name, others affect to pity me; fools will sneer and ask what could be expected from a marriage disproportionate as mine. Why should I not take justice into my own hands?" he added. "The law would justify me in shooting the wicked thief who met me on the highroad and plundered me of a guinea, or the burglar who forced an entrance into my house. How much more, then, am I justified in slaying the villain who, under the mask of friendship, has robbed me of my honor, affixed that nameless brand upon my brow men loathe and scoff at? It would be an execution, not a murder."

It was a dangerous question for a man who believed himself foully wronged, who was armed and alone at midnight on the road his enemy must take, to argue. Passion is rarely logical in its deductions; its ears are closed to the voice of reason and of conscience.

Let it not be supposed that cowardice in the common acceptation of the word caused Edward Berrington to hesitate in calling the supposed seducer to account honorably, man to man, as it is or rather was, understood in society. No. It was the dread of ridicule, the blistering thought of what men's tongues would say, the mocking laugh of pitiless youth, that suggested a less public means of vengence.

In any other cause he could have braved the world, but in this he feared it.

The devil is a cunning tempter! How often will the means of executing evil cause ill deeds to be perpetrated. The spot where he was standing suggested dangerous thoughts to his excited brain. It was close to the lime pits, just at the corner of the road leaning to Alston Hall.

As we before stated, since the falling of the road lanterns had been placed either side of the gap as a warning to travellers by night. What more easy than to remove the first one, and place it in such a position as to leave the precipice unguarded.

The wretched man saw all this in an instant, and urged by his frantic jealousy made the change. He had no time for reflection.

Scarcely was it done, when the sounds of a vehicle were heard.

The driver was singing an air he had frequently practised with Clara at Wraycourt.

Edward Berrington smiled bitterly, and withdrew to the shade of a distant tree to await the result. On came the unexpecting victim—the heart of the assassin beat wildly—there was a crash, followed by a loud despairing cry, and all was over.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the guilty man. "What have I done?"

At that moment he felt it would have been better to have braved the sneers of the world, and would have sacrificed his pride, vanity— all that he possessed, to have recalled the deed. Terrors such as had never felt before fell upon his soul.

He knew that he was a murderer.

"You have but avenged your outraged honor," whispered passion. "Replace the lantern in its former position, and it will appear as an accident," suggested prudence.

The nerves that but a minute since had been hard like steel were now completely shattered, the assassin trembled so he could not raise the light to its place

"I must be true to myself," he murmured, "or I am lost.

With one desperate effort, he hurled down post and lantern together, then fled like Cain after his great crime, pursued by the stings of an avenging conscience. That cry, the last despairing cry of his victim rang in his ears, followed him as he tore, more like some animal scared by the lightning a flash than a human being through the underwood. He heard it in the crackling of the branches, the moaning of the wind; it would not leave him.

In after life, in the bustle of the world, the intrigues of politics, a guest in royal halls, in the chair at the banquet, in the solitude of his own chamber, the assassin heard it.

Men would frequently wonder and ask themselves what could cause the Right Hon. Edward Berrington; the representative of sovereignty, to start and turn so pale

Some said it was nervousness. None ventured to suggest it was the cry of conscience.

Mr. Lynx, who, to do him justice, was faithful to the instructions of his employer, had been speculating as he wandered at the back of the old manorhouse on the probable consequences of a meeting between Sir Ernest Alston and the owner of Wraycourt.

"A duel!" he thought. "No, there can't be a duel without seconds. I wish he hadn't his pistol with him. No jury would listen to it. He can't be such a fool as that. Perhaps they will meet in the morning."

Then followed the consideration that it would be as well to ask payment for his services Executors were awkward persons to deal with. He preferred settling with his principal.

"The game is up for to-night," added the detective, speaking to himself." Can't make out how the man escaped me in the wood. He must have known the place well. Never so beaten before. I have dodged a fellow through St. Giles', the Mint, the Almonry, where the ins and outs are like rabbitholes, and had my hands on him at last. I don't like these queer old family places. Something I don't understand about them. The servants say it is haunted, and I feel half inclined to believe them," he added. "I wish I had brought Jack down with me; but there, he is such a vulgar fellow, and when the gin is in will talk. He'd a ferreted it out. He has a scent like a bloodhound."

These reflections were cut short by the return of Mr. Berrington.

Morning was just beginning to break, and the speaker could not avoid noticing the fearful expression of his countenance.

"Have you seen anyone, sir?" he asked.

"No. Why should you think so?"

"You looked——"

"How do I look!" interrupted the assassin, fiercely.

"As if you had—that is all sir."

"Our watch is over for to-night," observed his employer. "Follow me to the house; to-morrow we must commence again."

"If you think it will be of any use, sir,"

The guilty man gazed in the countenance of the speaker as if to read his thoughts, but the detective in his own way, was as diplomatic as the gentleman, and never moved a muscle.

Both entered the house by means of a master key Mr. Berrington had provided himself with, and proceeded to the dining-room, where the lamp was still burning. The butler had left it there, expecting his return.

"You look tired, worn-out with this night's work," observed Mr. Lynx, as the gentleman threw himself into an easy chair. "A glass of wine?"

"No, brandy—brandy," muttered his companion, hoarsely.

"Brandy will be better, sir."

"You will find it on the sideboard."

"All right, sir."

The speaker poured out two glasses, one for himself.

"You look better, sir," he continued, after a few minutes.

"I feel so," was the reply; "but is is time we retired; the servants will soon be stirring. Here Lynx take these with you. I do not wish my valet to see them in the morning."

Mr Berrington handed his pistols to the detective.

Mr. Lynx felt particularly puzzled to understand why the weapons had been given into his keeping. Little did he dream of the dreadful thoughts that tempted the unhappy man to punish the crime he had already committed by a still more awful one—Suicide! the sin for which there is no repentance.

"Can't make it out, but your real gentry have curious ways with them."

On reaching his own room, the first thing the detective did was to examine the pistols They were still loaded, and bore no trace of having been discharged.

"Well," he ejaculated, "I am mistaken for once. Hang me if I didn't thing he had done for him. Never saw any fellow at the Old Bailey look more like a murderer."

A few minutes after this not very complimentary reflection, the speaker was sleeping soundly.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER head than that of the owner of Wraycourt pressed an uneasy pillow. His clever agent, Mr. Lynx, could not rest for many thoughts which haunted and perplexed his busy brain. We use the word thoughts advisedly, for they scarcely amounted to suspicions yet, but merely to half-formed fleeting impressions, a see saw of probabilities and possibilities, the suggestions of a mind familiar, if we may use the expression, with the curiosities of crime.

Never during his long experience had the detective felt such difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. When he reflected on the social position and high character of his employer, he felt inclined to dismiss all further speculation upon the subject as unless, wild. More than once he muttered the word "Absurd," and tried to sleep, but sleep fled from him. He even buried his head beneath the coverlet to try what that would do; but no, the attempt like the preceding one proved a failure; a pair of blood-shot eyes seemed to follow him, peering into his with the same shifting, guilty expression he had noticed in the shrubbery Do what he would he could not fly from their gaze. Once or twice when he had nearly dozed off they startled him like a sudden flash of lightning from his half found slumber.

An hour or two later, when dressing, those eyes still haunted him. Mr. Lynx fancied he saw them in the mirror.

"Odd," he repeated to himself several times. "Very odd. If it should turn out—— Bah! this old gloomy mansion has set me dreaming."

Like many other persons we have known, the speaker could exercise his reasoning faculties, put two and two together, as he elegantly phrased it best while walking. The movement of the body, we presume, steadied the action of the brain, which like the pulse of a man in an intermitting fever was a broken and irregular. At each fresh pause some new idea or consideration presented itself, chasing the preceding ones before he had time to analyse them

As he quitted the house he encountered Banks the steward, and turned to avoid him, having felt more than once greatly embarrassed to keep up his assumed character in his presence.

"Mr. Paul! Mr. Paul!" exclaimed the old man eagerly. "Have you——"

"No time to talk on business now," interrupted the pretended landscape gardener.

"But this is not business,"

"Humph!"

"Such a dreadful accident!"

At the word accident the detective turned.

"But I suppose you have heard it," added the steward.

"And what news do you suppose I have heard in my bed?" demanded Lynx with well affected indifference. "I am only just up, and still half asleep. The air is so heavy."

The yawn that followed this assertion was imimitable, and proof the speaker was an excellent actor, for he had never felt more wide awake perhaps than at that moment.

"Poor Sir Ernest Alston has been killed."

"Killed!"

As the detective deliberately repeated the word the haggard countenance of Mr. Berrington and his conduct in the shrubbery occurred to his recollection more vividly than ever.

"Not shot!" he added.

Our readers have forgotten that Mr. Lynx had examined the pistols

"Shot!" exclaimed the steward, greatly surprised. "What put that into your head? The poor gentleman was beloved by all the country round. Besides, who should shoot him?"

"I thought it might have been a duel."

"But he had quarrelled with no one."

"That alters the case."

"It was an accident," continued Mr. Banks; "a terrible accident. You know the broken road by the old chalk pit?"

His hearer did not feel quite certain, but thought he had noticed it.

"The baronet must have mistaken the turn, or what is more probable the lantern had burnt out, and he drove against the post, which gave way. His body, together with his horse and shattered vehicle, are lying at the bottom of the pit."

"He is dead, then?"

"Quite dead. I am going to the house to procure assistance to remove the corpse. The family are not stirring yet, I suppose?"

"Only the servants," replied Lynx. "You had better see the valet and let him break the intelligence to his master whilst I hasten to the chalk pit. Perhaps I may be of service," he added.

The steward shook his head to intimate that as far as the baronet was concerned all human assistance was too late.

"Were both lanterns extinguished?" inquired the detective.

"No; only the one that has fallen into the pit," answered the steward. "The other is burning still."

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The landlady and others were speedily alarmed, and soon the room was filled with inmates of the house.

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Secrecy has been well termed the soul of all great designs.

As we before stated, since the falling of the road lanterns had been placed either side of the gap as a warning to travellers by night. What more easy than to remove the first one, and place it in such a position as to leave the precipice unguarded.

The wretched man saw all this in an instant, and urged by his frantic jealousy made the change. He had no time for reflection.

Scarcely was it done, when the sounds of a vehicle were heard.

The driver was singing an air he had frequently practised with Clara at Wraycourt.

Edward Berrington smiled bitterly, and withdrew to the shade of a distant tree to await the result. On came the unexpecting victim—the heart of the assassin beat wildly—there was a crash, followed by a loud, despairing cry, and all was over.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the guilty man. "What have I done?"

At that moment he felt it would have been better to have braved the sneers of the world and would have sacrificed his pride, vanity— all that he possessed, to have recalled the deed. Terrors such as had never felt before fell upon his soul.

He knew that he was a murderer.

"You have but avenged your outraged honor," whispered passion. "Replace the lantern in its former position, and it will appear as an accident," suggested prudence.

The nerves that but a minute since had been hard like steel were now completely shattered, the assassin trembled so he could not raise the light to its place

"I must be true to myself," he murmured, "or I am lost.

With one desperate effort, he hurled down post and lantern together, then fled like Cain after his great crime, pursued by the stings of an avenging conscience. That cry, the last despairing cry of his victim rang in his ears, followed him as he tore, more like some animal scared by the lightning's flash than a human being through the underwood. He heard it in the crackling of the branches, the moaning of the wind; it would not leave him.

In after life, in the bustle of the world, the intrigues of politics, a guest in royal halls, in the chair at the banquet, in the solitude of his own chamber, the assassin heard it.

Men would frequently wonder and ask themselves what could cause the Right Hon. Edward Berrington; the representative of sovereignty, to start and turn so pale

Some said it was nervousness. None ventured to suggest it was the cry of conscience.

Mr. Lynx, who, to do him justice, was faithful to the instructions of his employer, had been speculating as he wandered at the back of the old manorhouse on the probable consequences of a meeting between Sir Ernest Alston and the owner of Wraycourt.

"A duel!" he thought. "No, there can't be a duel without seconds. I wish he hadn't his pistol with him. No jury would listen to it. He can't be such a fool as that. Perhaps they will meet in the morning."

Then followed the consideration that it would be as well to ask payment for his services. Executors were awkward persons to deal with. He preferred settling with his principal.

"The game is up for to-night," added the detective, speaking to himself." Can't make out how the man escaped me in the wood. He must have known the place well. Never so beaten before. I have dodged a fellow through St. Giles', the Mint, the Almonry, where the ins and outs are like rabbitholes, and had my hands on him at last. I don't like these queer old family places. Something I don't understand about them. The servants say it is haunted, and I feel half inclined to believe them," he added. "I wish I had brought Jack down with me; but there, he is such a vulgar fellow, and when the gin is in will talk. He'd a ferreted it out. He has a scent like a bloodhound."

These reflections were cut short by the return of Mr. Berrington.

Morning was just beginning to break, and the speaker could not avoid noticing the fearful expression of his countenance.

"Have you seen anyone, sir?" he asked.

"No. Why should you think so?',

"You looked—— '

"How do I look?" interrupted the assassin, fiercely.

"As if you had—that is all sir."

"Our watch is over for to-night," observed his employer. "Follow me to the house; to-morrow we must commence again."

"If you think it will be of any use, sir,"

The guilty man gazed in the countenance of the speaker as if to read his thoughts, but the detective, in his own way, was as diplomatic as the gentleman, and never moved a muscle.

Both entered the house by means of a master key Mr. Berrington had provided himself with, and proceeded to the dining-room, where the lamp was still burning. The butler had left it there, expecting his return.

"You look tired, worn-out with this night's work," observed Mr. Lynx, as the gentleman threw himself into an easy chair. "A glass of wine?"

"No, brandy—brandy," muttered his companion, hoarsely.

"Brandy will be better, sir."

"You will find it on the sideboard."

"All right, sir."

The speaker poured out two glasses, one for himself.

"You look better, sir," he continued, after a few minutes.

"I feel so," was the reply; "but is is time we retired; the servants will soon be stirring. Here Lynx take these with you. I do not wish my valet to see them in the morning."

Mr Berrington handed his pistols to the detective.

Mr. Lynx felt particularly puzzled to understand why the weapons had been given into his keeping. Little did he dream of the dreadful thoughts that tempted the unhappy man to punish the crime he had already committed by a still more awful one—Suicide! the sin for which there is no repentance.

'Can't make it out, but your real gentry have curious ways with them."

On reaching his own room, the first thing the detective did was to examine the pistols. They were still loaded, and bore no trace of having been discharged.

"Well," he ejaculated, 'I am mistaken for once. Hang me if I didn't thing he had done for him. Never saw any fellow at the Old Bailey look more like a murderer."

A few minutes after this not very complimentary reflection, the speaker was sleeping soundly.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER head than that of the owner of Wraycourt pressed an uneasy pillow. His clever agent, Mr. Lynx, could not rest for many thoughts which haunted and perplexed his busy brain. We use the word thoughts advisedly, for they scarcely amounted to suspicions yet, but merely to half-formed fleeting impressions, a see saw of probabilities and possibilities, the suggestions of a mind familiar, if we may use the expression, with the curiosities of crime.

Never during his long experience had the detective felt such difficulty in arriving at a conclusion. When he reflected on the social position and high character of his employer, he felt inclined to dismiss all further speculation upon the subject as unless, wild. More than once he muttered the word "Absurd," and tried to sleep, but sleep fled from him. He even buried his head beneath the coverlet to try what that would do; but no, the attempt like the preceding one proved a failure; a pair of blood-shot eyes seemed to follow him, peering into his with the same shifting, guilty expression he had noticed in the shrubbery. Do what he would he could not fly from their gaze. Once or twice when he had nearly dozed off they startled him like a sudden flash of lightning from his half found slumber.

An hour or two later, when dressing, those eyes still haunted him. Mr. Lynx fancied he saw them in the mirror.

"Odd," he repeated to himself several times. "Very odd. If it should turn out—— Bah! this old gloomy mansion has set me dreaming."

Like many other persons we have known, the speaker could exercise his reasoning faculties, put two and two together, as he elegantly phrased it best while walking. The movement of the body, we presume, steadied the action of the brain, which like the pulse of a man in an intermitting fever was a broken and irregular. At each fresh pause some new idea or consideration presented itself, chasing the preceding ones before he had time to analyse them

As he quitted the house he encountered Banks the steward, and turned to avoid him, having felt more than once greatly embarrassed to keep up his assumed character in his presence.

"Mr. Paul! Mr. Paul!" exclaimed the old man eagerly. "Have you——"

"No time to talk on business now," interrupted the pretended landscape gardener.

'But this is not business,"

"Humph!"

"Such a dreadful accident!"

At the word accident the detective turned.

"But I suppose you have heard it," added the steward.

"And what news do you suppose I have heard in my bed?" demanded Lynx with well affected indifference. "I am only just up, and still half asleep. The air is so heavy."

The yawn that followed this assertion was imimitable, and proof the speaker was an excellent actor, for he had never felt more wide awake perhaps than at that moment.

"Poor Sir Ernest Alston has been killed."

"Killed! '

As the detective deliberately repeated the word the haggard countenance of Mr. Berrington and his conduct in the shrubbery occurred to his recollection more vividly than ever.

"Not shot?" he added.

Our readers have forgotten that Mr. Lynx had examined the pistols

"Shot!" exclaimed the steward, greatly surprised. "What put that into your head? The poor gentleman was beloved by all the country round. Besides, who should shoot him?"

"I thought it might have been a duel."

"But he had quarrelled with no one."

"That alters the case."

"It was an accident," continued Mr. Banks; "a terrible accident. You know the broken road by the old chalk pit?"

His hearer did not feel quite certain, but thought he had noticed it.

"The baronet must have mistaken the turn, or what is more probable the lantern had burnt out, and he drove against the post, which gave way. His body, together with his horse and shattered vehicle, are lying at the bottom of the pit."

"He is dead, then?"

"Quite dead I am going to the house to procure assistance to remove the corpse. The family are not stirring yet, I suppose?"

'Only the servants," replied Lynx. "You had better see the valet and let him break the intelligence to his master whilst I hasten to the chalk pit. Perhaps I may be of service," he added.

The steward shook his head to intimate that as far as the baronet was concerned all human assistance was too late.

"Were both lanterns extinguished?" inquired the detective.

"No; only the one that has fallen into the pit," answered the steward. "The other is burning still."

With there words the speaker continued his way towards the mansion to break as he supposed, the intelligence to his master, whilst Mr. Lynx directed his steps to the scene of the accident, taking the nearest road, a bye path through the wood: a proof, irrespective of his question about the two lanterns, that he was much better acquainted with the locality than he pretended to be. On reaching the spot he found a group of farmers and labourers in front of the broken rail; some were inquiring how the death of the baronet had occurred, others gazing with bewildered looks upon the body.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 15, 1881.

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NATURE'S SIMPLICITY.

THE farther we advance in knowledge, the more simplicity shall we discover in those primary rules that regulate all the apparently endless, and complicated, operations of the Father of nature. To Him, indeed, all time is but a moment, and all space but a point, and he fills both, but is bounded by neither.

But He is as great in minuteness, as in magnitude, since, even the legs of a fly have been fitted up and furnished with all the powers and all the proprieties of an air-pump, and this has been done by the self-same hand that created the suns of other systems, and placed them at so immense a distance from the earth, that light itself seems to lag on so immeasurable a journey, occupying many millions of years in arriving from those bodies unto us.

In proof of this observation, modern discoveries in chemistry have so simplified the laws by which the Deity acts in his great laboratory of nature, that the greatest teachers have felt authorized to affirm that a very few elementary bodies indeed, and which may themselves be only different forms of some one and the same primary material, constitute the sum total of our tangible universe of things. And as the grand harmony of the celestial bodies may be explained by the simple principles of gravity and impulse, so also in that more wonderful and complicated microcosm, the heart of man, all the phenomena of morals are perhaps resolvable into one single principle—the pursuit of apparent good; for although customs universally vary, yet man, in all climates and countries, is essentially the same. Hence, the old position of the philosophers, that the more we study, the less we know, is true, but not in the sense in which it has been usually received. It may be true that we know less, but that less is of the highest value; first, from it being a condensation of all that is certain, secondly, from its being a rejection of all that is doubtful.

Knowledge is twofold, and consists not only in an affirmation of what is true, but in the negation of that which is false. It requires more magnanimity to give up what is wrong, than to maintain that which is right; for our pride is wounded by the one effort, and flattered by the other. The highest knowledge can be nothing more than the shortest and clearest road to truth; all the rest is pretension, not performance, mere verbiage and grandiloquence, from which we can learn nothing, but that it is the external sign of an internal deficiency. To revert to our former affirmation of the simplicity of those rules that regulate the universe, we might farther add, that any machine would be considered to be most ingenious, if it contained within itself principles for correcting its own imperfections. Now, a few simple but resistless laws, have effected all this so fully for the world we live in, that it contains within itself the seeds of its own eternity. An Alexander could not add one atom to it, or a Napoleon take one away. A period, indeed, has been assigned unto it by revelation, otherwise it would be far less difficult to conceive of its eternal continuance, than of its final cessation.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A Cincinnati paper says that 150 men slept in the city station house in a single night because they had neither money nor shelter, while advertisements were out for 300 laborers on a single railroad, and only 100 could be obtained.

—

The Russian method of serving tea is a pleasant variation from the usual way; a slice of lemon and about a teaspoonful of lemon juice is added to each cup; no milk is used, but sugar to suit the taste. By many, the lemon is considered a great addition, giving a new and delightful flavor.

—

The peaceful uses of an armory are found out in New York. The armories there are in demand for practice rooms for lawn-tennis, and the young ladies' "tennis clubs" besiege the armory for permission to set their nets. This is not exactly beating the sword into a ploughshare, but it is supplanting rifle balls by tennis-balls, which amounts to the same thing.

—

The president has issued an order that the sale of all "flash literature" for which that city is famous, be discontinued in the depots and trains of the New York Central Road. In order to avoid evasion, he has taken the pains to specify the sensational papers referred to, including some of the most widely circulated. It would be a good thing if all railroad managers would follow his example.

—

A watchmaker at Copenhagen is reported to have made a watch which requires no winding up, inasmuch as it performs that work itself by means of an electric current. An electric magnet fixed inside the watch keeps the spring perpetually in a state of tension. All that is required to keep the watch going is to preserve the battery in proper working order, for which one or two inspections in a twelvemonth are said to be sufficient.

—

Among the substances subject to spontaneous combustion, pulverized charcoal is said to be one of the most remarkable. Incidental to this phenomenon a story is told that a load of charcoal was delivered in an out house of a clergymen in Leipsic, and showed no signs of burning until the door by accident was left open, when the wind blew sprinklings of snow on the charcoal. The absorption of oxygen from the melting snow caused the charcoal to ignite, and, as the day was windy, the whole range of buildings were burned to ashes.

—

Some of the washing waters of Paris, which were formerly ran into the city sewers, are now collected in casks and the suds being subjected to chemical treatment, the fatty matters are manufactured into toilet soap, made fragrant by the addition of oil of roses. According to this process a little sulphuric acid is added to the soap water obtained from washing linen, the whole is then stirred up, and the fatty matter is allowed to stand for a few hours, when, on its collecting upon the surface of the liquid, it is gathered in casks.

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While the unrecognised religious orders in France have been dispersed, the recognised ones are threatened with the loss of all their privileges. Bills now pending in the Chamber propose to oust them from sites or buildings belonging to the State, and to abolish their exemption from direct taxes. A circular has also been issued by the taxing department giving instructions that convents or monasteries carrying on any kind of labor shall henceforth be subject to trade licenses, no matter though the receipts be appropriated to charitable objects.

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Temperance reformers will find food for reflection, if for no more serious feeling, in the official report of the Internal Revenue Bureau of the immense increase in the quantity of fermented liquors returned for taxation in this country. Thus, while it appears that in 1870 the quantity of fermented liquors returned for taxation to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue was 6,574,000 barrels of 31 gallons each, there was returned during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1880, 13 347 000 barrels. Reduced to gallons, these figures show that during the last fiscal year there was manufactured and consumed in the United States nearly 414,000 000 gallons of fermented liquors. Assuming that the population is 50 000 000, this world show a consumption of fermented domestic liquors last year equal to about 8¼ gallons, or more than one fourth of a barrel for every man, woman and child in the country. Or estimating as the saloon keepers are said to do, that each gallon of beer contains 25 glasses of the size sold over bars, these figures again show that about every eighteen hours every man, woman and child in the country assuages its thirst with a draughs of the Teutonic beverage.

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A doctor on the subject of babies writes: Few comprehend the difference between flesh and fat. The first is lean meat—I don't care how hard and solid it might be—the second is the product of unexcrete excess. This is why no one bets a dollar on a fat horse or a fat man—they are 'soft' and 'can't stay.' It is every whit as true of a fat baby. The only wonder is that any infant lives sixty days from birth. Fed before birth but three times a day, he is after birth subjected to ten or twenty meals in the twenty four hours. Before birth he grows at the rate of ten pounds per year; after birth he is permitted to fat at the rate of fifty pounds per year, until chronic dyspepsia or some acute disease interferes. Fool of a kitten, calf, colt or a young robin—they are and remain while growing but little more than skin and bones and fur or feathers, because unable to get enough to fatten them, and they never die—rarely have any sort of disease. Children are never fairly 'out of the woods' until they reach the lean age and have pipe stem legs and arms, with no rolls of fatty tissue anywhere about them. Could they be kept so from birth and not permitted to over indulge, so that their appetites would always be reliable for plain food, they would have no infantile diseases to enrich our pockets."

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The American newspaper is the best index of American life. It is the fairest representative of the American people. Whoever would form a correct estimate of the spirit, genius, and life of Americans must study carefully the various newspapers of our country. Our virtues and our vices, our thoughts and our opinions, our politics and our trade, our push and our pride, our weakness and our strength, our creeds, customs, and civilization, are all imagined in our innumerable periodical publications. The American newspaper press has no rival on earth in the volume and variety of its issues. It is asserted by good authority that the United States publish more newspapers than all other nations taken together. Counting dailies, weeklies, semi-weeklies, and tri-weeklies, more than eight thousand different newspapers appear each week from our newspaper press. More than a thousand millions of copies of these papers circulate annually. The variety of these papers almost equal their volume. The entire field of human thought and human interests is covered by them. No party but has its organ; no creed without its advocate. Every science and art has its medium; every department of business, manufacture, and trade, its advertiser. Social, scientific, moral, educational, religious, political, and charitable societies and organizations publish newspapers devoted to their interests and filled with their ideas.

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Concerning the mooted question of high or low heels for shoes, one writer, after a series of experiments says: Nature proves the folly of high heels in a most practical manner; and objection to them in men is equally applicable to ladies; and if they could only see themselves as they totter along perched up on high heels and walking as if stepping on egg-shells, their ludicrous appearance would at once stop the fashion. Any one accustomed to country life and long walks on the hills, must have felt that terrible leg weariness which a day's shopping with a lady entails. The slow irregular walk, the frequent pauses, and the difficulty of taking short steps with proper balance, are trials well-known to men. Without a good-shaped, low-heeled boot no lady, however pretty her foot or graceful her carriage, can walk becomingly, with ease to herself, and a proper flexion of the muscles of the feet and legs. Half the rickety ankles come from heels being too high to form a proper steady base for the weight of the body, and the narrow pointed to prevent their proper expansion and use. Make a footprint in the sand and then go and place your boot in it—what a margin there will be! Horses even, with a horny hoof, suffer terribly if their shoes are cramped and do not allow the foot to expand. Much more might be written of the accompanying ills of tight and high-heeled boots; but as long as the women will bear the pain so as to appear taller and to have tiny feet, so long will they do violence to nature's gift. Legs and feet were given to us for use to exercise the body upon. In fact, so cramped up and stilted has fashion made the walk now-a-days that a lady with wooden legs might pass muster undiscovered.

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The committee who have been revising the new English version of the New Testament have at length finished their work. That this has been no light task is thown by the fact that it was begun in 1870, and that for four days in every month since that time the committee have met to proceed with their duties. This makes one year and seven weeks of actual working days of seven hours each. The private study that the members have performed to prepare themselves for these monthly meetings cannot be estimated. The movement for the revision of the New Testament was initiated by the Convocation of Canterbury. An extraordinary opposition to the whole scheme was raised by the Convocation of York. The Convocation of Canterbury, however, was not to be deterred by his lordship's fears, and a working committee was chosen with power to appoint the members of the Revising Committee, who were to be "eminent for scholarship, no matter to whatever nation or religious body they might belong." The men selected were from nearly all sects. Churchman and Dissenter, Prelatist and Presbyterian, Independent and Methodist, Baptist and Pedo-baptist, the Anglican, the Lutheran, and the Reformed. Cardinal Newman declined to assist. The proceedings of this committee have been kept as secret as possible, but inklings of some of the changes have got abroad, and it is whispered that the verses in the ninth chapter of St. Mark, on which is founded the idea of the fire-and-brimstone hell, are to be omitted as spurious, and that the last twelve verses of the same gospel are also to be omitted or materially altered. Probably the alteration that will cause most controversy will be the alteration of the Lord's Prayer, in which the words "from the evil one" will be substituted for the words "from evil."

THE SQUIRE'S LOVE.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

How it came to pass we may not know,
But a beautiful maid, with face aglow,
Sat one day, after a summer rain,
Looking forth through a broken pane.

The Squire rode by—he had come from town—
Where many a lady in silken gown
Had smiled on him—but the summer rain
Made his glance rove to that window pane.

His blue eyes flashed, and once again
He keenly glanced at the face at the pane.
"That is the face I have longed to see—
The one dear face in the world for me."

Thus spake his heart, but his lips moved not,
Till to learn of her name and race he sought.
"She is gently born, and gently bred—
And worthy to wed with you," men said.

Then the Squire rode back her love to gain,
But she sat no more by the window pane.
How it happened we never may know
That he saw her that day with face aglow.

LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE waltz was over. Blanche St. Clair had, as usual, confined herself to the very few intimates with whom she ever permitted herself to dance in the circular dances. She had honored Colonel Harcourt with one waltz, and after that, she accepted, in obedience to the implied direction of the countess, the hand of Sir Rupert Pelham.

There was a languor in the young girl's expression and movements, and an unusual paleness on her cheeks, that at last attracted the attention of even the pre occupied Sir Rupert. He looked at her more than once, as she replied to his rather absent remarks in a tone more abstracted than his own, and perhaps for the first time, became really and earnestly interested in her. Was it possible that the unlucky arrangement of the characters had distressed and disturbed that young, guileless creature's heart?

Sir Rupert's tone and look grew involuntarily more tender and soft as these ideas recurred to his mind.

"Dear Miss St Clair, you are tired and feverish," he said, glancing at her heightened color and glistening eyes: "the exertion of the evening has been too much for you."

"It is not that, Sir Rupert," she replied, smiling; "it is not that; I love dancing, and I do not dislike acting."

"Then what is it, Blanche?—surely a cousin may venture to call you by that name,—dear Blanche, if I may. Only tell me what it is that has changed you so much since dinner, when you looked so sparkling and animated?"

Her color deepened even as he spoke, her eyes lowered, and a bewitching softness—a softness without coquetry or weakness—came over her face. It was irresistible. He drew her gently from the crowded rooms, and led her to a conservatory, which again led to the private sitting room that was devoted to the ladies of the family.

"You will be quiet here, Blanche," he said. "Let us rest a little while; and then I have something I would take this opportunity of saying to you."

The girl scarcely blushed, though it must have been quite obvious to her what was intended by the words. A quiet rest on the ottoman, which was generally her favorite seat, a calm, unmoved glance at her companion, was all the evidence of any deference or attention to his words. That extreme composure was perhaps embarrassing for the baronet.

"Miss St. Clair," said he, "my dear cousin, I see that you know all,—I mean the arrangements, the generous, flattering preference, the permission given by my uncle, your grandfather, to address you, that I—can I venture to say that it is my anxious, my heartfelt wish to obtain your consent, as well as Lord St. Clair's permission—I may say his decision, for our union?"

The color did not heighten in the fair cheek, but a look of firmness, of resolute determination to perform a duty, to submit to a fate, came on the sweet face.

"Sir Rupert," she said, quietly, "I will not pretend to misunderstand you. I have been told of the wishes of my grandparents, and I tell you candidly they are for me the will of Heaven—that is, if they agree with the dictates of duty; but, in the meantime you should know some things that may affect your resolution." She paused for a few minutes, and then she resumed more timidly. "Sir Rupert, you see those portraits?"

The young man glanced at the two miniatures she handed to him. They were the portraits of a lady and gentleman on each side of a locket, and of rare merit as work of art.

Sir Rupert gazed at the portraits in silence for a time; then he said, gently, "I need not ask who these are, Blanche. They are my cousin, Lady Cecily, and your father."

"They are," she said—a deep blush, for the first time, suffusing her face. "Sir Rupert, do you know the circumstances of their marriage, and—and," she added, the blush becoming like flame, "my birth?"

Sir Rupert's better nature was touched. He took her hand and pressed it gently to his lips.

"Blanche," he said, "whatever may be our respective feelings, whether our future decision and fate, at least there is that thing certain from this hour—we are friends, true real friends. Is it not so, Blanche? But first let me prove myself worthy of the boon I ask."

He drew from his pocket a letter, the same he had received from the unknown source, and handed it to her. She read it hastily, keenly, and her face wore an indignant yet noble expression as she read.

"Sir Rupert," she said, folding it up calmly, "it is in some respect true, and in spirit false."

"I hope, I am sure of it," said Sir Rupert. "But I entreat you do not distress yourself about it, dear Blanche. Let me refer it to Lord St. Clair," he added, hastily.

"No, no," she said. "I am young, very young, and inexperienced; but still I can speak the truth, and judge for myself where the honor of my mother is concerned, and my own. Sir Rupert, I have read the letter my mother wrote to my grandfather, announcing my father's death; and had it been possible for a St. Clair to fall so low as that epistle would imply, that letter alone would have been enough to reassure me. If you believe it—well, I would not for an instant even bestow one thought on a man who could hesitate on the point.—I could not endure the subject canvassed, the proofs weighed. Sir Rupert, let your own heart tell you—is that true?"

"It is not, it is not!" he exclaimed fervently. "I am certain, I feel it, I know it. Blanche, you have taught me your own noble instincts. I will not even bring the base slander to your grandparents; let it be as completely destroyed as that mute witness of its existence."

He tore up the paper into shreds as he spoke, and scattered it from the open window.

"And now," he said, "I may speak—may I not?—to the earl, and let our marriage be arranged at his pleasure. Can you trust yourself to me, Blanche?"

The girl's eyes fell, but there was only the gentle modesty of her sex, scarcely the fluttering consciousness of dawning love, in her manner.

"I told you before, Sir Rupert," she replied, "that it is my duty and my desire to obey my grandparents. Their will is mine; and I will confess that your conduct and decision in this matter has much aided in hoping that I may make you happy, and that it is the will of Heaven."

Another instant and she was gone. Even before the young man could follow his natural impulse and attempt in some manner to speak the loveable response of a loved and recently accepted suitor, she had fled through a door near where she sat. Sir Rupert remained standing where she had left him. But the voice of Lady Margerie startled and roused him.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Rupert," she said, "but I thought Isabel was here. Have you seen her? I fancied I heard her voice."

Had Sir Rupert been more self possessed, he would have noted the keen look, the covert smile in the lady's face, when she asked the question; but his own anxiety to cover the whole truth aided her concealment, and he stammered out, "No. I have not seen Miss Lisle for some little time. May I look for her. Lady Margerie—that is, do you want her?"

"Thank you, no," she replied; "I wish her to retire as soon as possible—will you tell her, Sir Rupert? She must be completely worn out. That is all. And I am going to Lady St. Clair; she is not well, I am told, and is already in her dressing-room."

The young baronet left the room at once and began his tour through the crowded rooms. It was long before he found the fair object of his search, and when he at last discovered her she was ensconced in a window seat in one of the smallest and least frequented of the saloons. She was alone, that fair girl, quite alone in the now rapidly diminishing throng; and the white hand on which her cheek leaned was moistened with tears.

Poor Sir Rupert,—foolish, mad, unprincipled if you will, but still poor, pitiable Sir Rupert, stood for an instant wavering, doubting, struggling in this juncture. His true safety might have been in flight. The pride of manhood, the conventionalities of society, and yet more, the irresistible inclination of the young heart, dictated and conquered in a far different course.

"Isabel," he said.

The hand that had half shaded the face covered it now.

"Isabel—dear Isabel!" repeated Sir Rupert.

One shy, momentary withdrawal of the hand and glance of the bright eyes answered the appeal.

"Isabel," he continued, "in mercy speak to me—hear me. Can you believe—can you forgive and pity me? The truth will force itself to the surface. I cannot deceive you. Isabel, I love, I adore you, and I must marry another."

"This is madness," she said, in a low, plaintive voice. "Sir Rupert, I insist on your leaving me."

"Not till you have forgiven me," he said.

Her eyes turned on him with a bewitching, soft gaze; she then gave one pressure of the fingers that held hers, and fled. It was a maddening, fascinating moment for the infatuated young man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WEEK had elapsed and the betrothal of the heiress of St. Clair, and of the grandnephew of its earl was formally announced. Of course it was criticised as such betrothals always are. Some said it was a wretched match for Blanche, the future Countess of St. Clair, who, with her beauty, rank, and fortune, her grace and attractions, might almost have commanded a prince or at least a duke. Others pitied the young baronet. It was a shame that his choice was circumscribed, or rather controlled.

It might be three days or more after the commencement of the bridal preparations when Lady Margerie and her daughter sat in the spacious dressing-room of the former; after a return from Castle St. Clair. It was perhaps the will of the earl, or the countess, or the earnest entreaty of Blanche, that dictated the arrangement; but, whatever the cause, one fact was certain,—Lady Margerie and Isabel spent each evening at the Castle, and very frequently remained from the luncheon hours at the mansion, sharing in the duties, the plans, and the amusements of the small family party assembled there. Only Lord and Lady Ashton and their daughter, near relatives of the countess, Sir Rupert, and Colonel Harcourt, and a grand niece and nephew of the first Countess of St. Clair, were now desirable adjuncts to so small a gathering; though, as Lord Ashton once remarked to his wife, "If I were Lady St. Clair, I would see amusement and etiquette at the deuce before I would let that capricious young fellow get too close to such a confounded pretty girl as Isabel Lisle."

Lady Margerie had just taken off her magnificent attire and family jewels, and was reclining in a comfortable wrapper, while Isabel was still arrayed in the graceful dress she had worn during the evening. She was brilliantly beautiful even in her ill-temper; perhaps it even suited her flashing, glittering style of beauty; and her mother exclaimed, as she looked at her after the pause that succeeded the maid's departure, "Well, really you are an extremely pretty creature!"

"But to what avail," said the girl, sullenly, "if I am to fail in all that I most desire—if Blanche is to marry the only man I ever liked, and to be Countess, and doubly a St. Clair by her marriage? Mamma, I shall go mad? Here is the girl absolutely engaged, the wedding day fixed, the trousseau being ordered, and Sir Rupert devoted to her, and yet you say I am to wait, and all will be well!"

"And again I say all will be well, if you will be obedient," replied her mother, firmly. "Listen to me, Isabel. I tell you absolutely that I have the will and, what is more, the power to stop all that is now planned. I have the mine laid, and a match applied to the powder would blow up all the great prospects of your rival cousin."

The girl sank down on a cushion at her mother's feet, and buried her head in her lap. A strange passion of sobs and shiverings convulsed the delicate form, and for some minutes the unusual agitation, the yet more unusual confidence of the daughter, touched even the mother whom she remembled and feared.

"Isabel, my child," resumed Lady Margerie, "do you indeed love this man?—or is it the desire of wealth and title and the jealousy of her superior attractions, that makes you so resolved on his capture?"

"Mamma, I love him," she replied; "I am determined that Blanche St. Clair shall not marry the man I love, and who loves me. At least, I will not live to see it."

"Foolish child! foolish child!" said her mother, laying her hand on her daughter's head with a soft, caressing fondness, which was unwonted in their usual intercourse. "Wait a few weeks, and you shall see the end. Wait a few months, and you shall be Lady Pelham, and future Countess of St. Clair."

A shudder came over the young frame, as the last words were spoken.

"You would not," she said—"you could not——"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a faint whisper.

"I would," said Lady Margerie; "and I would place you in her stead, Isabel; and so it shall be, unless you are foolish and thwart my plans. Listen, my child! All you have to do is to behave as you so well know how, when your passions or interests do not come in the way. Be to Blanche all that the sweetest and most sympathising sister cousin could be at such a time. Do not permit any single liberty that could be misconstrued by any one, not even Sir Rupert himself, and yet give him from time to time a shade of hope, a twinge of conscience as to your real feelings toward him. This is your role. I will take no more pains, remember, to secure your establishment in life, if you throw away this chance. Isabel, decide at once and for ever. I will have no vacillating, no weak remorse or upbraidings when we are fairly embarked in the enterprise."

Isabel covered her face, and for a moment all was still in the chamber. Then she raised her face, from which every trace of flush or passion had vanished.

"Mamma, I have decided," she said. "It shall be done. I cannot live to see Blanche the wife of Sir Rupert and the Countess of St. Clair."

CHAPTER XX.

IT was about three days after this conversation that Lady Margerie had a sudden occasion to go to Newport. She expressed so much regret at the necessity, such extreme reluctance to leave her dear girl even for a day, and such a desire to place the deserted Isabel under the charge of her dear brother and sister during her absence, that Lady St. Clair could not do less than invite Isabel to stay at the Castle during the possibly prolonged absence of the lady of "The Towers." Wherefore Miss Lisle was taken to Castle St. Clair by her mother, on her road to Newport, and then this devoted mother pursued her way.

Her carriage drove into the quaint town, and along the old streets till it stopped at a red brick house with a door in the middle, and two windows on each side, and white copings to ornament and relieve the dark red of the massive building. A brass plate on the door bore the name of "A. Fitzpatrick, M. D." It was, in fact, the marine residence of the famed toxicologist, the celebrated doctor of the island, at which the carriage of Lady Margerie stopped; and the perfectly familiar air with which the servant replied to the summons, and ushered in Lady Margerie, seemed to betoken that it was not her first visit to the medical magnate.

In a few minutes the servant, who had placed the new guest in the most luxurious chair in the apartment, returned, and requested her, with an air of the most profound respect, to follow him to the doctor's room. And a very luxurious room, as we before described, was the sanctum, and the physician was seated in the large, soft chair, which was his peculiar place, dressed in a gorgeous dressing gown and Turkish cap, that added considerably to his imposing foreign appearance. He rose as his noble and fair guest entered, and bowed with a courtly grace.

"I am honored with this visit," he said, as the servant placed a chair for Lady Margerie, "much honored. I hope the earl and the countess and your daughter are well."

"Quite so, as regards the earl and countess, but I am anxious about my daughter," she said. "Miss Lisle is not well, and I wish to have your advice."

The tone was almost ostentatiously distinct, and Dr. Fitzpatrick replied in the same key.

"Lady Lisle, I shall be delighted to be of the slightest use, and I can scarcely fear of success where one so young and so beautiful is concerned."

The servant had now quitted the room after a grand demonstration of zeal and industry, and then the look and tone of the two seemed to change as by magic.

"What is it, Lady Margerie? Be brief and distinct," said the doctor, sternly. "I see by your face that there is something of no ordinary import."

"The die is cast—for the present," she replied. "Lady St. Clair is busy in arranging for the wedding of her grand daughter and Sir Rupert Pelham."

"Indeed," said the doctor; "then the plan failed?"

"Entirely," she replied.

"And what now?" he asked.

"What is your opinion?" said Lady Margerie. "Have you not some recipes, some ideas, some aid to give in such an emergency? You know what I wish, you know what I intend, you comprehend the whole situation."

The physician rose, and came within whispering distance of the lady.

"Say one more word, and your order shall be my law," he said, stooping down to her ear.

A loathing seemed to pass over the stately frame as that whisper met her ear. "Insolent!—madman!" she said, sternly.

"Not at all. It suits me, and it must be the price of my service," he replied. "You are a fine woman still, and do not look your age within fifteen years. I am younger, it is true, by at least that or more; but then you are an earl's daughter and ele-

ter, and will be mother of a countess. In short, Lady Margerie, those are my terms and my plans. If you consent, I am willing to take the next step in your scheme."

"And that step is——?" said Lady Margerie.

"You can guess perfectly, without my putting it in words," he replied; "and yet a mistake, I grant, may be fatal to our plans. Now we have tried, as you know, one experiment, which has failed, or I should not see you here to day."

Lady Margerie bowed.

"Then listen," he continued. "Rosalie Norman is safely established in the service of the heiress which makes our course pretty easy. Now it is for you to say, before I go any further, whether it is your intention to proceed in the path I have pointed out to you before attempting any other plan."

"There is not time," said Lady Margerie,—"the danger is far too imminent. I tell you the wedding will take place ere another fortnight be over; and the plans to which you allude would take time, and be at any rate, uncertain in their result."

"If successful, the marriage would rather tend to complete them," said the doctor. "Miss Lisle would doubtless be the next heiress, if your account of the settlement of the estates be true; and as Sir Rupert is worse than a beggar, such a union would complete the humiliation of the earl and countess, and the misery of her whom you so much detest."

"And of her whom I love so truly," was the calm reply. "My daughter is to be Lady Pelham."

"Humph!" said the doctor. "On what side is the love?"

"On both," she replied.

"And only the girl in the way?" said the doctor.

"Only." was the reply.

A disagreeable twinkle came in the man's eyes.

"Well, it's a pity such a pretty romance should be spoiled," he said. "I have been in love myself,—there, don't start, Lady Margerie, I didn't mean with you,—and I can feel for the young people. Come, I don't mind taking the matter in hand if you'll engage it shall be a double wedding."

Lady Margerie again shuddered as her eyes fell on the sinister countenance, the harsh features, the eccentric dress, the gaunt figure of the man who aspired to mingle his blood with the St. Clairs'. It was for the time a sacrifice too hateful to think of, too humiliating, too absurd a union for the sister of an earl, the descendant of a long line of stainless ancestry. And a stern, an abrupt denial was on her lips when a wave from the doctor's hand stopped her.

"One instant, Lady Margerie, one instant," said he. "It is as well that we should understand each other ere we have any discussion or unnecessary arguments. There is but one means of accomplishing your object with an almost certain risk of discovery, and that means is known to me alone. I have one price. I give you a quarter of an hour to consider, and then I will return for your decision."

He was about to leave the room, when Lady Margerie stopped him.

"Listen, Doctor Fitzpatrick," she said; "your mind is made up, you say, and mine shall be also. I will accede to your stipulations thus far. I engage to accept the offer you have been flattering enough to make, on condition that the arrangement shall be strictly kept to our own knowledge till the time for the completion of it arrives. You are aware that no marriage between the two we allude to can take place for some months, and till then our plans could not in any case be carried out. On that condition I am quite willing to promise to become your wife, if you still desire it at the time mentioned; or in lieu of such a worthless contract, I would engage to pay you a certain sum that would be more than an equivalent. Indeed I doubt not, that in the event of perfect success, I should be in a position to remunerate you far more effectually than I could venture to promise now."

"Well, there is something in that," said the doctor. "You are a woman of business, Lady Margerie; and I quite agree with you that the old pair mightn't last long after the child was away—you understand. Well, I have no objection to that way of arranging matters, if you are averse to a more downright and straightforward manner of managing our little plans."

He fetched pen, ink, and paper, as he spoke, and placed them before Lady Margerie.

"There will be no difficulty, I expect," he said, "in the wording. You will not trifle with me, for your own sake; and I will see how a woman can for once frame a document of importance."

There was something inexpressibly irritating in his mocking, quiet manner; but Lady Margerie was not a woman to let trifles stand in the way of a more real and tangible advantage; so she rapidly wrote the promise required, and signing it, passed it to the doctor. He read it, first to himself, and then aloud.

"Good," said he, "you have worded it very properly, Lady Margerie; but to prevent mistakes, suppose I just read it over, lest I might have misread words rather mysteriously written."

He then began, in a slow, monotonous tone, and read:

"'I, Margerie Lisle, commonly called Lady Margerie Lisle, daughter of William, sixth earl, and sister of Herbert, seventh Earl of St. Clair, do hereby engage and promise to give my hand in marriage to Alexander Fitzpatrick, Doctor of Medicine, on the same day that my daughter, Isabel Lisle, is united to Sir Rupert Pelham. Or failing his wish, or granting his consent and mine to a different arrangement, when the time for fulfilling it arrives, I engage to give him such an equivalent as he and I may agree on and deem sufficient for my obligations to him.'

"Drawn up as clearly, and yet as enigmatically as an Act of Parliament," said he; "that is, it is clear to the initiated, and unintelligible to those from whom we wish to keep necessary secrets. Lady Margerie, you are a queen among women. I don't think I can dispense with your assistance as a wife."

If he wished to re open the discussion, or to rouse Lady Margerie's indignant agitation, he was mistaken. She began to speak in a low tone that could not be heard above the breath, and after some minutes, and a few questions put by the doctor, he replied:

"Enough," said he, "enough, Lady Margerie, from this hour I believe your mind may be quite at ease; we shall soon see the fair Isabel a happy bride, and the mistress of Castle St. Clair."

CHAPTER XX.

THE hours and days passed rapidly away in the busy preparation for the bridal of Blanche St. Clair. It was not so much the actual trousseau of the heiress that occupied the attention and time of the countess, but it was her determination to celebrate the nuptials of her grand-daughter with a degree of splendor, and yet attention to the formal and antique regulation of days gone by, that demanded unusual arrangements and deliberation on the part of the guardian and chaperone of the fair Blanche. Certainly there was no ground for delay or for hurry from any absence of wealth or leisure. The revenues of the wealthy earl were all at her command, and used with a degree of skill and taste that promised success.

Then Lady Margerie was so kind, and yet so completely judicious in her assistance, so willing to give her opinion when required, so unassuming, and quiet when no such reference was made to her judgment, so completely up in precedents in the St. Clair family, and yet so willing to modify or yield them to the superior taste and opinion of the countess, that she was invaluable as an auxiliary; besides which, Rosalie was excellent in her way also.

Full of taste and with fingers able to carry out the dictates of her fertile brain, adroit and inventive, submissive and admiring such was Rosalie Norman; and Lady St. Clair felt that she owed another debt of gratitude to her sister in-law for procuring that treasure of a *soubrette*. The clever suggestions of the girl were never exhausted, and were generally so framed as to seem to arise out of the countess's own mind; wherefore it followed, as a matter of course, that they were usually adopted.

Under such tutelage such care, such advantages, the trousseau, the decorations, the whole arrangements for the coming festival were, it may be supposed, satisfactory. The intercourse of the lovers was confined within the strictest sense of propriety, and the last week before the wedding Sir Rupert was fairly banished from the Castle.

"I am sorry, Sir Rupert, but it would be far from etiquette or decorum for you and my grand-daughter to be in the same house so immediately before the bridal," said Lady St. Clair. "A very few days, and it will be your right to take your station for ever at her side; but the rules of society demand a 'separation for the present.'"

"I am very sorry, Lady St. Clair," stammered the baronet, "that you deem it necessary, but of course your will is law. Pray how far must I be banished by this same inexorable etiquette?"

The countess frowned. The tone was too light and jesting for her ideas of the homage due to herself, and far too careless to meet her notions of the devotion of a real and favored lover.

"Excuse me, Sir Rupert," she replied. "The habits and manners of a young lady in Blanche's station are of course more refined and reserved than those of the common herd of marriagable young ladies. If her bridegroom really appreciates his good fortune, he will scarcely be surprised or annoyed at any ordeal that he is to pass through."

"Before he reaches the enchanted princess of the fairy tale," said the incorrigible baronet. "But excuse my ignorance, Lady St. Clair; I will obey in the most docile manner. Where am I to go?"

The countess absolutely stared.

"Of course," said she, "your present plans are open to you, Sir Rupert. On the day before the wedding I should suggest your being in Newport, and on the following day you shall have a carriage and four horses in waiting, with proper attendants, to convey you to Castle St. Clair in ample time. Till then, of course, you will make your own arrangements."

"Your ladyship's condescending goodness is fully appreciated by me," said Sir Rupert, bowing profoundly; and he rose to leave the room ere the countess well decided whether he was in earnest or merely sarcastic.

As Sir Rupert left the room he met Lady Margerie, who was at that very moment passing through the corridor into which the countess's boudoir opened.

"I have just received my dismissal, Lady Margerie," he said. "I am not to come here again till my—what shall I say?—bliss is at hand."

"Indeed," said Lady Margerie, "that is a harsh verdict. What have you done to deserve it?"

"Nothing but that of being the betrothed of the heiress," he replied. "It is not etiquette, it appears, for me to see anything of my future wife just before we are married."

"The countess is a strict martinet," was the guarded reply.

"Will you take pity on me, Lady Margerie?" he asked.

"My dear Sir Rupert," she replied, "nothing could be more charming; but you surely forget—though I scarcely like to hint at such a thing,—but you will remember that I, the old dowager aunt, am not the only person at 'The Towers.'"

There was a charming archness and sweetness in the lady's expression and manner that might have recalled the ideas of her earlier days to one more anxious to study her variations of mood than Sir Rupert Pelham; but his attention and thoughts were far too much engrossed by a dearer and more agitating subject. The blood had rushed to his face, and a look of ill-concealed pain and even anger flashed from his eyes.

"I am very sorry, Lady Margerie, very sorry," he said. "It was an ill-chosen hint, an impertinent request. Forgive me."

"I do, my dear Sir Rupert," replied the lady; "and what is more, my most earnest advice and aid shall be yours. I will, if you choose, prevail on a very old friend of mine in Newport, a fascinating and agreeable man, to offer you hospitality during these tedious days. Do you comprehend me, and are you willing to place yourself in my hands in the selection of a domicile?"

Now it so happened that Lady Margerie had acquired a singular influence over her nephew elect. Whether it was her relationship to the fair girl, her extreme suavity, and gentle, dignified kindness to himself, or the power she undoubtedly possessed of guiding the plans of those within her reach, cannot be said; but undoubtedly such was the case, and the suggestion was on many accounts a welcome one to Sir Rupert. Wherefore he gratefully accepted Lady Margerie's offer, always provided that the arrangement was quite agreeable and convenient to her friend.

"I am quite certain of that," was the cordial reply; "and you may depend upon it, Sir Rupert, I will tell you if there is any change in my friend's plans or ideas."

It is unnecessary to follow the course of the dialogue that followed. Lady Margerie had her way, and the young baronet arranged to spend his week of penance at Newport with Dr. Fitzpatrick.

CHAPTER XXI.

IT was the evening of the day when Sir Rupert Pelham had left Castle St. Clair, and the two young cousins were seated in the drawing room of Blanche St. Clair. The fair young faces were half-concealed under the wealth of hair that was now loosened from its usual confinement, and served as a half curtain to veil the expression of those youthful features. One turn of the comb, one accident of the brush that was in the hands of these young girls, and the whole face could be concealed, by accident or pleasure, from the observation of the companion. The maids had been dismissed from performing their ordinary office in consideration of a servants' ball that was given in the Castle in honor of the approaching marriage of its heiress, and thus the two fair girls were left in the undisturbed enjoyment of that free and unfettered converse. A short silence had prevailed. Blanche was dreamily smoothing the tresses of her dark glossy hair, and her eyes were bent devoutly on a cabinet picture of the "Marriage at Cana in Galilee," that hung in her apartment. Isabel's hand was suspended, and her keen gaze fixed on her cousin with a look more like Lady Margerie's, than the youthful, bright expression of her years. At last a deep sigh came from Blanche's lips.

"Are you not happy, dearest?" asked Isabel, as she caressingly took her cousin's hand.

"Happy, yes, I believe I am," she said starting and crimsoning. "Oh, yes, dear Isabel, I am certainly happy, because I know—I feel I am doing my duty."

"Duty!" repeated Isabel, half scornfully. "Is that all, Blanche?"

"Is not that everything?" she asked.

"No, not in marriage," replied Isabel.

"Well, then," said Blanche, crimsoning still deeper, "I feel happy—confident in obeying the will of my grandparents, in accepting the husband they choose for me. It seems to me, Isabel, like the will of Heaven."

A scornful laugh came from Isabel's lips.

"Then you do not think it necessary to love your husband?" she said.

"Yes, I do," replied Blanche.

"Then you love Sir Rupert?" said Isabel.

The tone was bitter, sarcastic, sharp, and the look so indignant and scornful, that Blanche's cheeks were on flame.

"If I did, Isabel, it would be simply doing the duty and obeying the instinct of a betrothed bride," she replied; "and I am sure Sir Rupert deserves it at my hands; but I do not pretend that I do."

"Then you mean to tell a falsehood at the altar?" continued Isabel, in the same tone.

"I mean to take the vows in the sight of Heaven, that I feel and intend to perform," said Blanche, firmly. "I can obey my husband as a wife should; I doubt not that he is worthy of honor; and as to love, it will be the study of my life to so think of him, so sympathize with all his feelings, his sorrows and his joys, that I shall get accustomed to the idea of being his wife, and found my affection on a far better, a more enduring foundation than mere fancy."

"You are a model young lady, brought up on my grand-aunt's own principles," said Isabel, laughing. "I am not sure that Sir Rupert would not prefer something more spontaneous than such labored affection."

"If he takes me, it must be as I am, Isabel, not as I pretend to be," was the quiet reply.

"Then why do you have him?" asked Isabel, throwing the long thick hair by a sudden twist of the hand over her face.

The young heiress paused. Her eyes were bent on the ground, and her lips half moved in silent prayer.

"Shall I tell you why, Isabel?" said Blanche, in a soft clear voice.

A quick, eager look came over Isabel's face, but in an instant it faded into a soft, sympathizing expression.

"Dearest Blanche," she said, "can you doubt me? I am your all but sister. If you cannot trust me, whom can you trust?"

"I believe you, dear Isabel," said the young girl; "and it is a relief to tell all that has worked in one's heart to some one who can understand it. Grandmamma would be vexed, grandpapa would be grieved, if they thought that I was not doing it all, as they think, for my sole happiness; but you can comprehend me, Isabel, and you will not blame me if I am not romantically enthusiastic, and able to feel just what I am told."

"Darling Blanche," said Isabel, laughing softly, "you may be very sure that I am the last person in the world to betray what I am told; and I am quite certain that you will make me love you better, from telling me that you have a few human weaknesses like myself."

There was a slight pause. Then the girl began.

"Well then, Isabel, it is just this: my dear grandparents have brought me up as their only hope, their only interest in life. I am bound, then, to carry out, if possible, their wishes. Then, as you know, my poor mother disappointed and grieved them, and, as I am convinced, left a bitter wound in grandpa's heart, that even I have not been able altogether to heal. And yet they have never, by word or look, reminded me that I am the child of a marriage they disliked, and of which they were in truth ashamed; and then, too, I am the sole heiress of vast wealth, of an ancient name; and as I am placed in that position it is clear that it is the will of Providence that I should fulfil its duties, and employ the wealth in doing good to others. Lastly, Sir Rupert is the next heir in the male line; therefore, in marrying him, it seems as if I were not only obeying my grandparents, but in a great measure re-uniting the branches of the family, and preventing the very semblance of injustice or injury."

"And who put all this in your head, child?" asked Isabel, impatiently.

"Chiefly my own brains," replied the girl, smiling; "but it has certainly been confirmed and approved by my kind friend and guide, Doctor Donaldson."

"Then you go to confession like a Romanist!" said Isabel.

"I consult the best and the wisest man within my rank and knowledge," replied Blanche, gravely.

"Very flattering to the earl," said Isabel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Never, while you breathe offend deliberately the inward monitor: "My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live."

Levity is often less foolish, and gravity less wise, than any of them appear.

A LOST CHORD.

BY L. D. E.

Turning the leaves, in an idle way,
Of a book I was skimming the other day,
I found a line at the end of a song
With its sweet and mournful melody—
"Oh, love, my love, had you loved but me,"
Sadder a burden could never be
Than "love, my love, had you loved but me!"

Few words, and simple; but oh how much
The singer has told in that little touch!
How hard a story of chances lost,
Of bright hopes blighted, and true love crossed,
Is heard in the whispered melody,
"Oh, love, my love, had you loved but me!"
To many a sorrow the key must be,
That "love, my love, had you loved me!"

The world rolls on, and the years roll by,
Day-dreams all vanish and memories die;
But it surges up with a restless pain,
That fond, lost longing over again,
Breathed in the plaintive melody,
"Oh, love, my love, had you loved but me!"
It might have been, but it cannot be!
Yet, "love, my love, had you loved but me!"

Mother and Wife.

BY A. M. STODDART.

A CLOCK on the mantel had just chimed one short musical stroke.

Through the half closed blinds shone the silvery light of the fast waning moon; the candle had burned low in its socket; the log of wood had converted itself to ashes; but of all this Dr. Frank Stanley saw or heard nothing, as he sat in his office chair, lost in thought.

It was with him now as it had been with him for hours past, since the moment he had placed his fate in May Falkland's keeping, and she had accepted it.

No wonder that it all seemed new and strange to him—that he was heedless of time and space.

She was such a delicate high born girl, and he—ah, another vision came before him now.

Not the cheerful house with its luxurious appointments—he might at least offer May a home worthy of her—but the memory of the days when he had run, a little bare-footed lad, about his mother's cottage, and she, toiling for her only child, had earned one by one the dollars which had sent him first to the village school, and then to the great city to learn the profession for which he longed.

He had succeeded well and bravely, beyond his most ambitious hopes; but the mother who had toiled for him, where was she?

Why was it to night that her old wrinkled face drove even May Falkland's beauty from him?

True, he had no longer allowed her to work, true, she sat at ease in her little cottage, thinking of, and praying for her boy, who was so good and generous to her; but was it his fault that his patients were so many, and his hours so precious, that he could find no time to gladden her old heart by a glimpse of him now and then?

And now—now that the thought of May as his wife—May, with her high bred ways—May whose every association was in such a widely different sphere—could it be that he was ashamed of his mother?

The candle died out entirely; the wood was white with ashes now, the moon had sunk to rest, the clock chimed two; but a red hot flush burned on Dr. Stanley's cheek as he rose to find his way up to his room and bed, and perhaps forgetfulness in sleep.

For three long hours he sought the boon in vain, and when at last it came to him, and his tired eyes closed, how could he but dream of those other eyes just awakening in the far-off home, which somehow to night had so persistently haunted his thoughts?

* * * * *

In the little cottage all was bustle, for Mrs. Stanley had determined to give her boy a surprise, and the train for London started very early.

It lay ten long hours away.

It would be almost nightfall when she arrived.

How glad Frank would be to see her!

He had never proposed her coming, because he had thought she would not find the courage; as though for his sake she would not do or dare anything.

She was sorry now she had not had the village dressmaker make up the black silk he had sent her, but it looked so grand in its lustrous folds, that it seemed a pity to touch it with the scissors, and she would seem more natural like to Frank in her stuff dress.

How often had she pictured him in his lonely home.

She hoped he might be out when she arrived, that she might take off her bonnet, and, slipping on her white cap, let him find her, with her knitting in hand, quietly sitting by the fireside, waiting his return.

All the way in the train, when at last she had got started on her journey, she could hardly keep her happy thoughts to herself, and more than one glanced at the smiling old face, with something tugging at their heart strings, which almost brought moisture into their eyes.

It was quite nightfall when the city was reached.

There had been some slight delay on the road, and the old lady felt a sinking at the brave heart which had prompted her mission.

However, she soon succeeded in finding a cabman willing to take her to the address she held in her hand.

"It must be a mistake, or he has brought me to the wrong place. Oh dear, what shall I do?" she sighed, as he drew rein before a large handsome house.

But cabby reassured her, and she soon found herself, surrounded by boxes and bundles, facing the formidable gentleman who opened the door.

Save for a suspicious shortness of a portion of his attire, which reached only to his knees, where they were met by stiff leather leggings, the worthy woman would have dropped him a curtsey.

"Past the doctor's office hours, ma'am," he said, in response to her feeble appeal. "It's as much as my place is worth to take in your card."

"But I have no card. He'll see me. I'm—I m——"

But she did not finish the sentence, only stepped inside the door, and stood under the full glare of the light of the hall lamp.

Her bonnet was crushed and bent, her dress bore evidence of the dust of travel, and in her hand was a huge band-box, containing the bonnet which was to astonish the Londoners.

"Indeed, ma'am——," the man began, but the old lady walked steadily on to the door, beneath whose threshold she descried a stream of light.

The hot blush had by this time died out of Dr. Stanley's cheeks.

The morning dawn had dissipated the foolish fancies of the night.

His duties for the day were over, and he was free to seek May, whose wonderful eyes would light up as he entered, and whose lips would perhaps brush his cheeks with their velvety caresses.

He sprang to his feet to seek her, when the door softly opened, and turning he saw—could it be a dream conjured up by his restless fancies of the night before?—his mother.

Close behind her was the wholly wondering, half-apologetic face of his butler.

It took him a full minute to realize it was no dream, and then—honor to his manhood!—a sudden overwhelming tenderness swept away all else, and with a glad cry of "Mother!" he clasped her to his heart.

When she had grown calmer and more at rest, beginning to look around and admire, a little feeling of irritation began to grow at his heart.

Why had she come?

Had he not made all comfortable for her at home?

Here she would be constrained, unnatural.

And May!

He could picture the astonished look that would creep into her eyes when he said to her, "This is my mother;" nay, more, the haughty curve which would gather about her mouth, so rich and sweet.

So the question at his heart found words, and he scarcely knew the innate irritation they betrayed.

"Mother, why did you not let me know you were coming?"

"I meant to surprise you, my boy," she answered, fondly. "Can it be that I have done wrong?"

"No, no!" he hastily replied. "Come, you must eat and go to bed. You need a rest."

But long after he bade her good-night he sat and thought.

His mother had come to make her home with him.

That was clear.

If he told he willed otherwise she would obey him.

For a time he planned it out—how he would tell her the city life was not adapted to her needs; and then May need never know of the plain, humble little woman—who was not ashamed to toil with her own hands that his might be the hands of a gentleman.

Oh, shame on him!

Could he ever wash them clean, even of the thought?

No, May knew the truth.

He could bear the scorn in her eyes and in her voice, as she would question him how he dared look up to her, but his mother should share his home and his heart to the end.

It was too late now to visit May to-night, but he went upstairs, and, softly turning the knob of the door of the room where his mother slept, he noiselessly approached the bed, and, bending down, touched his lips to the old, withered forehead.

She started up with a glad sob of joy.

"My boy, my boy! whom I thought was not glad to see his mother."

He quieted her at last, wondering why his own heart felt so light, and she fell into a sound sleep with his hand tightly clasped in hers.

"You did not come last night," said his betrothed, when, next morning, he stood in her presence.

"No, May," he answered; "but I come to-day to tell how unworthy I am of your love. Last night my mother came to me. Nay, do not stare. It was no visitant from the spirit land, but an actual reality. I have never told you of my mother. Think of it—a man so blessed, and yet dumb! All her life she toiled with poverty—for whose sake think you?

"Her son's—that she might make him a gentleman. Heaven prospered him, and enabled him to take all the burden from her old shoulders, and so he thought he had done his duty.

"He fed the body, but he let her heart starve.

"Last night, in the desperation of her hunger, she sought me out.

"For a moment—oh, bitter humiliation! my heart rebelled!

"Think of it May—the cruel, unnatural pride which would bring into a man's cheek a blush for the woman who bore him.

"I thought of you, with your pretty, dainty ways, side by side with her plain and homely ones. I knew the two could never be reconciled, and so, May, I come to ask you to forgive and forget me. My heart and my home are my mother's henceforth and forever!"

Had the man some lingering hope that the girl before him would refuse the sacrifice?

Certainly an added look of suffering grew into his eyes as she answered nothing: only laid her hand in his a moment, as if in farewell.

His visits seemed very long—very weary all that day; but, as he crossed the home threshold at nightfall, he smoothed the frown from his brow, as he said:

"She must suspect nothing."

He would find her, he was sure, in his study.

As he softly opened the door, he anticipated her cry of "My boy!" as she tremblingly rose to greet him; but, ah, he had not anticipated the picture that met his gaze.

His mother was sitting, indeed, in the arm-chair by the fire, but at her feet, her head resting on her lap, while the old fingers caressingly stroked the luxuriant hair, was another figure, which rose instead to welcome him.

"Frank," the sweet voice whispered in his ear, "I lost my mother when I was a baby. It has been so sweet to find one again. You said, 'Henceforth your home and heart was hers.' Oh, my love, may we not share the blessing together?"

HER MAJESTY'S STATE CROWN.—The Imperial State Crown of Queen Victoria, which her Majesty wears at the opening of Parliament, was made in 1838, with jewels taken from the old crowns, and others furnished by command of her majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds set in silver and gold: it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and it is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 39 ounces 5 pennyweights troy. The lower part of the band, above the border, consisted of a row of 129 pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of 113 pearls, between which in front of the crown is a large sapphire, purchased by King George IV. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires, between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the 7 sapphires are 14 diamonds, and around the 8 emeralds 128 diamonds. Above the band are 8 sapphires, surmounted by 8 diamonds, between which are 8 fleurons, consisting of 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to the Black Prince by the King of Castile, in 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt, A. D. 1415. It is pierced quite through, the upper part of the piercing being filled up with a small ruby. Around this ruby, in order to form the cross, are 75 brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses forming the two sides and back of the crown, have emerald centres, and contain, respectively 133 124 and 130 brilliant diamonds. Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of French lilies. From the Maltese crosses issue four arches composed of oak leaves and acorns, the total number of diamond in which is 108 brilliant, 116 table, and 559 rose diamonds. From the upper part of the arches are suspended 4 large pendent pear shaped pearls, with rose diamond caps, containing 12 rose diamonds, and stems containing 24 very small rose diamonds. Above the arches stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere 304 brilliants and in the upper 234 brilliants, the zone and arc being composed of 83 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by 4 large brilliants and 100 smaller brilliants.

A servant who prided herself on living in a genteel family, being asked to define the term, said—"Where they keep a carriage, have three or four kinds of wine, and never pay a bill the first time it's called for."

Why do birds in their little nests agree? Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

WASHOE FOOTBALL.

WASHOE INDIANS have a peculiar game of football which they play very much after the manner of the English game.

The ball used by the Indians is made of pieces of woolen stockings, or any similar substance incased in leather. It is about the size of the ordinary cricket ball. A level piece of clear ground is selected and two goals fixed, distant from each other about one hundred yards.

The goal is made by setting two saplings upright in the ground and about five feet apart. The game is played by six Indians at a time, three to a side. The game consists in each side trying to kick the ball through the goal of the other. This must be done from the space between the goals; if the ball is kicked through from the rear it does not count. When the ball has been forced through one or the other of the goals the game is won. It must be kicked through, not thrown. The Indians do not encumber themselves with unnecessary clothing when about to engage in the sport. Some of them go into it with nothing on themselves but a breechcloth and a belt. The most that any retain of the garb of civilization is a pair of abridged overalls leaving them naked from the waist up and from the knees down. Nothing is worn on the feet. The ball is kicked with either the heel or the toes, sometimes with the ball of the foot. As the ground is always more or less stony and the ball not soft, it may be inferred that Indians' feet are tough. All being ready, the players form a ring midway between the goals. One side is called the Reno, the other the California. The two sides are thus named by the Indians themselves. The game opens by one of the players tossing the ball lightly into the air, so that it will fall in the centre of the ring. The instant it touches the earth forty Indian toes are propelled against it. Five feet may come in contact with each other, and the ball remain where it fell, or a swift stroke may send it spinning out of the circle. Now commences the Indian wrestling. As soon as the ball has been started, each player seizes upon one of the opposing side and tries to prevent him from reaching the ball, which will sometimes lie untouched for ten or fifteen minutes, until some one breaks away from his adversary and gets a kick at it. The Indians display wonderful skill as wrestlers. Their wrestling is after the Lancashire fashion,—any hold is allowable. It is collar-and-elbow, side-hold, Graco-Roman, and all other styles combined. Thus struggling, the contest is exciting. The physical development of these Indians is superb. Their muscles in action may be seen to glide beneath the skin like serpents. They resemble snakes as they twine and twist about each other in every conceivable fashion. Wildly picturesque they look, too, with their long black hair flying in the wind. What strength and agility they exhibit! One will lift his adversary clear off the ground and throw him. Down they go together. In the dirt the struggle continues.

There they interlock and wind about each other, twisting and turning, catching a fresh hold every moment, now one, now the other uppermost, until their identity is lost in the cloud of dust which surrounds them. This one seems to have overcome his antagonist; he breaks away from him and springs to his feet. But the other has caught him by the heel. Another moment and both are standing each locked in his adversary's grip. As they shift their position and change their hold their palms strike one another's flesh with a concussion that is heard a hundred feet away. At last one player is loose. He rushes at the ball, but before he can kick an opponent has seized his belt and fresh grappling ensues. Thus the game goes on. Sometimes, however, there will be very lively kicking, and the ball be kept almost constantly in the air. Often a rush at the object will result in a confused heap of Indians, piled one above the other on the ground, and from the mass of struggling limbs legs and arms will be seen sticking out in all directions. All is good nature. There is no fighting, no swearing, no hair pulling, striking, scratching, or unfair play. The players grunt from exertion but not a word is spoken while the game goes on. Even when the ball at last, from some well directed kick, goes flying through the goal, no whoop is heard, not even a cry of exultation escapes the victors. A game may last but five minutes, or it may last an hour. In either case the sport continues until sundown.

A bashful looking, well dressed young man, with a modest valise, walked timidly up Chestnut street yesterday afternoon, and approaching a policeman, took off his hat, and with many humble apologies, asked permission to look in at some of the show windows as he walked along. "Certainly," said the officer, "certainly. Look into all of 'em long as you like. That's what they are fixed up for. They just want you to look into 'em." The stranger was profuse in his thanks, and said he wanted to see the things very much, indeed, but he didn't want to make himself too new, as he was a total stranger.

Our Young Folks.

COSMO, THE WOODCUTTER.

BY A. B. HOPE.

ONCE upon a time, a very long while ago, there reigned over the island of Sicily, a king, named Maraschino, whose only daughter, the Princess Azelia, was the loveliest girl, and perhaps the most absent-minded, in all Europe.

King Maraschino was very anxious for his daughter to marry, and she had received a great many offers, but she had refused them all.

"What sort of a man do you want to marry?" cried the king at last in great wrath.

"I don't know," she replied dreamily.

But before she got to the word 'know" she was thinking of something else.

Within a mile of King Maraschino's palace lived a poor wood cutter, named Cosmo, who was noted for nothing but his extraordinary stolidity.

No one had ever seen him smile, nor heard him laugh, and he had never been known to get in a rage.

He had a plain face and a morose manner, but he had not a bad heart. He was rough in speech, but he was endowed with excellent common sense. He talked little, but what he said was to the point.

In short, in appearance, manners, and disposition, he was the very reverse of the beautiful Princess Azelia.

One day, while in the forest, he did a great service to the Fairy of the Waters, who gave him as a gift, that whatever he wished should come true.

But the queerest thing about it was, he did not know he possessed this power.

Now it happened in the course of events that King Maraschino's daughter saw him and wanted to marry him.

It was strange, but then this world, and particularly where love controls it, contains many strange things.

He was accordingly sent for and brought to the palace.

And although he had never beheld its pomp and splendors, he was by no means dazzled by them.

He felt more inclined to laugh at than to admire the king's footmen in their purple and yellow liveries.

"And why do they go on bowing and scraping to me in that absurd fashion?" he said to himself.

He calmly took a seat; but then remembering that he had not saluted the company, he got up and bowed, pulling the front lock of his hair, and scraping his foot as he had been taught to do at the village school.

"What grace! What elegance!" murmured Azelia. "Ah, my father, do you not admire him?"

"She is bewitched," said the king. "Polichinello!" —this to his Minister of State— "Cross question and examine this man, but spare my child a fearful ordeal. Oh, how happy are those fathers who have no children!

"Have no fears, sire," replied Polichinello, bristling with importance. "I am the very person to conduct an inquiry of this nature. I am humane——"

"Begin the examination and don't go on talking about yourself!" shouted Maraschino.

"Now, villain," said Polichinello, turning to Cosmo, "tell the truth! Are you a prince in disguise, or are you a sorcerer?"

For they thought he must have bewitched the princess.

"I am no more a sorcerer than you are," replied Cosmo, without rising from his seat.

"Equivocation shall not serve your wicked purpose, sir. Your very refusal to confess proves your guilt."

While Polichinello was speaking the princess had crept up to Cosmo's side, and taking his hand, she now exclaimed loudly:

"Papa, this is my husband. Pass what sentence you like upon him, but remember that I share his fate, whatever it may be."

At these words the ladies of the Court all fainted, one after another, and Polichinello hid his face in his handkerchief to hide his blushes.

"Wretched girl!" cried the king, "you have pronounced your condemnation. Soldier, handcuff them. Have them married on the spot. Bring the first boat that passes, throw them into it, and abandon them to the fury of the elements."

"Your Majesty is too merciful!" exclaimed Polichinello. "Your name will be handed down to posterity as the most amiable of monarchs."

"My poor child!" cried the king, when the wedding ceremony was over, "what will become of her without her father? But a king must keep his word. I must not revoke the sentence. It will, however, be some slight consolation to me to know that she has with her so able a man as my prime minister; therefore, I will send Polichinello with the young couple. Guards, seize Polichinello, and throw him into the boat too! Besides," added Maraschino to himself, "looking out for a new prime minister will be a distraction for me, and I shall need one sorely. Adieu, Polichinello, adieu!"

Polichinello was stupefied, aghast! He was about to inveigh bitterly against the ingratitude of kings and princes, when he was seized roughly and flung into the boat in which Cosmo and Azelia were already seated.

The king waved his handkerchief to them and then returned to finish the siesta that had been so rudely interrupted.

The night was calm and lovely, the sky was clear and starlit, and the sea as smooth as glass.

Cosmo began to sing a woodcutter's song, and Azelia sat at his feet, listening to him. He then began to feel very sleepy.

"I'm hungry," he said at length doggedly.

"What would you like, dear?" asked Azelia.

"Figs and grapes."

And lo and behold! figs and grapes fell at his feet.

"Ah!" thought Polichinello, "I've found out your secret. You have only to wish and to have. I'll make up to you, and try and persuade you to wish for what I want. My lord!" he began, "your highness must not forget that this is your highness's wedding-day. What present do you purpose giving your bride?"

"I say, fat man, you are bothering me to death with your chatter," replied Cosmo. 'Present, indeed;! What present should I give her? If you want me to give her one, I wish you'd go and fish it up from the bottom of the sea."

At these words Polichinello as though impelled by some mysterious power, leaped into the water and disappeared from view. However, he reappeared again very soon, and had to be lugged into the boat by his three remaining hairs.

In his hand was a magnificent branch of pale pink coral, which he laid at Azelia's feet, saying:

'Princess, the Queen of the Mermaids sends this to you, the most beautiful of Azelias.'

After this, they sailed about for a few days, and finally stopped at the foot of a terrace, leading to a magnificent palace.

All three landed, and ascended the terrace steps, at the top of which was a huge iron gate, spiked with gold.

Polichinello, who had hurried on in front, pulled the bell, and called loudly for the porter.

But the gate was its own porter, and replied gruffly:

"What do you want? Cosmo is my master. I open to no one, but to him."

And as Cosmo approached, with his young wife leaning on his arm, the gates opened widely.

'Oh, this is lovely!" cried Azelia. "Just look at the birds overhead; and hear them singing! I haven't heard a bird sing since we went to sea."

'Let us sit down," said Cosmo, seating himself on the ground. And they all sat down.

'The armchairs?" cried Polichinello. "Where are the armchairs for they wish to sit down."

"Here we are! here we are!" cried the armchairs, and they came running in as fast as their legs would carry them.

'It would be nice to breakfast here," said Polichinello.

"But there is no table," said Cosmo.

Whereupon a handsomely oaken table came rolling along.

"This is too delightful!" cried Azelia. 'Are we really to dine out here? But where are the plates and dishes, and where is the food to come from?'

'Here we are!" cried a chorus of treble voices; and the plates came clattering on to the table, followed by their sisters the dishes, their cousins the table-napkins, their uncles the knives, their aunts the forks, and their brothers the salt-cellars.

They all arranged themselves in admirable order, and with great taste, and the table was soon covered with flowers, fruit, and game.

"Your highness will acknowledge, I hope that I serve him well. All this has been my work," said Polichinello proudly.

"You liar!' cried a voice close by.

Polichinello turned his head, but saw no one. It was only one of the colonnades that had spoken.

"If you lie, I wish you would take yourself off to the moon; that is the country for liars," said Cosmo, gruffly.

And, without another word, Polichinello started up as though he had been shot from a bow, and disappeared through the clouds.

As soon as Polichinello had taken his departure, Cosmo and Azelia started for a walk through their lovely garden. As they wandered along the shady groves, Azelia wove for herself a wreath of myrtle and placed it on her golden hair. Then she made a wreath for Cosmo but he did not seem to know what to do with it and trudged along with it, hanging it on his arm.

'Are you not happy, Cosmo?' she exclaimed at length. "I am. Isn't it delightful to live thus alone with one whom one loves? Do you wish for anything more? I don't."

'I never did wish for anything more than I had," replied Cosmo. "I have always been quite satisfied. But this is a nice place. I see no end of trees round here. To-morrow I'll go out with my axe and bring home some wood."

Azelia scarcely heard the last few words; she was busily thinking of something very different.

"You do love me, Cosmo, don't you?" she asked timidly.

"Love you!" cried Cosmo, "what does that mean? I hope that you will always be very happy. I am sure I wish you to be so. I don't wish for anything for myself. I was always perfectly contented with my lot. A woodcutter I was born, and a woodcutter I'll die. You've brought me to this wonderful palace that seems to have fallen from the skies. But it isn't mine. I never worked for it. Take it and be happy. Send for your father to pay you a visit. He'll like to see you in this grand place, and to-morrow I'll take my axe and go out and chop wood. Azelia, don't cry. I like you—indeed I do! You are very good. I wish I could love you. I'll try. Azelia, I do love you. Azelia, look up."

Azelia looked up and saw Cosmo (looking as he never looked before) smiling upon her most sweetly.

Love had completely transformed the appearance of the simple homely woodcutter. He looked quite handsome. To be good is to be beautiful.

Love had completely transformed the appearance of the simple, homely woodcutter. He looked quite handsome.

But it was not Cosmo only whom Azelia beheld when she looked up. There, at the end of the lawn, stood the Fairy of the Waters, leading King Maraschino by the hand. The poor old king had been very wretched since the loss of his only child, and he was delighted to see her again, and to see, too, of what a lovely home she was the happy mistress.

He would not, however, stay very long with the young couple. Their quiet, simple mode of life did not suit him.

He soon began to pine for his Court, his courtiers, and his new minister; so, at the end of a week, he took his departure, leaving Cosmo and Azelia to the care of the good fairy, who remained their special friend and protectress to the end of their days.

SNAIL AND CATERPILLAR.

BY PIPKIN.

ON a fine, bright, sunshiny day a splendid red and black hairy Caterpillar and a Snail, carrying her beautifully-striped house on her back, met together on a cabbage leaf. At first they were both so intent on eating a hearty dinner that neither of them took much notice of the other. But at last the Caterpillar said:

"You can eat more than your share, Mrs Snail, and you pick out all the juicy green bits."

"There is no harm in having a good appetite, I suppose," answered Dame Snail; "but there is plenty for us both."

"Perhaps so," grumbled the Caterpillar, "but I ought to have the choice."

"Why so, Miss Caterpillar?" asked the Snail.

'Why?"

"Yes."

"Because if I nourish myself well I shall change into a beautiful red and black butterfly, whose beauty will charm everybody, whilst you will always be a black, slimy, ugly snail."

"Thank you for the compliment," said the Snail; "but good looks are not everything in this world; besides, you may not live to be a butterfly at all. I am of as much use as you."

"Prove it!" said the Caterpillar, sneeringly.

'Well, in the first place I and my brothers and sisters are the favorite food of blackbirds and thrushes; and I suppose you will admit that everybody likes to hear them sing; and then, again, I am a dainty morsel for a duck."

"A fine ambition, truly, to wish to be swallowed alive," said the Caterpillar, sarcastically.

"We are all appointed different lots in this world," answered the Snail; "if I were eaten by a duck, that duck might be eaten by some great personage—think of that! What a glorious lot, to help to make a dish for a distinguished man!"

"I don't see anything at all glorious in being eaten," said Miss Caterpillar. 'Just look at me. When I am a butterfly I shall fly from flower to flower, enjoying the sweets of all, and perhaps I shall be caught by a nice clever man and put in a glass case for folks to examine.'

"Yes, and he'll stick a pin through your body first," retorted the Snail; "and leave you to die a lingering death. Better to be swallowed by a duck at once and have done with it. Besides, what good will it do you to be examined after you are dead!'

"And what good will it do you," said the Caterpillar, 'to help to fatten a duck that is to be eaten by a king? Besides, how do you know if you are swallowed by a duck, that that parcicular duck will be eaten by a king!" and the Caterpillar laughed tauntingly.

"I only said, the duck might be eaten by a king," returned the Snail, rather taken aback by the question.

'Oh yes, might," snapped the Caterpillar; "but it is just as likely that it might be stolen and eaten by a tinker."

This so exasperated the Snail that the dispute got high. Both she and Miss Caterpillar lost all further appetite for their dinner. And when they had all but come to blows a fine large white duck that had strayed from a neighboring yard espied them on the cabbage leaf, and put an end to their quarrel and their lives at the same time, by swallowing them both.

Learn from this never to boast. You are not a bit more use in the world than your neighbor. Whatever may be your abilities, it is quite possible, nay, certain, that he is of just as much use in his sphere as you are in yours.

FOR THE LAST TIME.—There is a touch of pathos about doing even the simplest thing "for the last time." It is not alone kissing the dead that gives you this strange pain. You feel it when you have looked your last time upon some scene you have loved—when you stand in some quiet city street, where you know that you will never stand again. The actor playing his part for the last time; the singer whose voice is cracked hopelessly, and who after this once will never stand before the sea of upturned faces, disputing the plaudits with fresher voices and fairer forms; the minister who has preached his last sermon—these all know the hidden bitterness of the two words "never again." How they come to us on our birthday as we grow older. Never young again—always nearer and nearer to the very last—the end which is universal, "the last thing" which shall follow all last things, and turn them let us hope, from pain to joys. We put away our boyish toys with an odd heartache. We were too old to walk any longer on our stilts—too tall to play marbles on the sidewalk. Yet there was a pang when we thought we had played with our merry thoughts for the last time, and life's serious, grown-up work was waiting for us. Now we do not want the lost toys back. Life has other and larger playthings for us. May it not be that these, too, shall seem in the light of some far off day as the boyish games seem to our manhood, and we shall learn that death is but the opening of the gate into the new land of promise?

M. S.

The Oriental physicians are the greatest quacks in the world. Take the following specimen of their profundity: An emir, supposed to have the hereditary gift of healing, prescribed for a patient, an upholsterer, lying at death's door with the typhus fever. The next day he called to see his patient and found, to his astonishment, for he had given him up, that he was much better. On inquiring into the particulars, the convalescent told the emir that, being consumed with thirst, he had drank a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage! "Allah is great!" cried the emir, and down went the fact on his tablets. The doctor was soon after called upon to attend another patient, a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, who was ill of the same disease—typhus fever. Of course he prescribed a pailful of pickled cabbage juice. The next day he learned that the sufferer was dead. Whereupon he made the following entry in his books: "Although, in cases of typhus fever, pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it must in no case be used unless the patient is an upholsterer." It is evident to the Eastern sage that his patient died because it was his misfortune to deal in handkerchiefs instead of sofa coverings.

PARADOXES.—It is difficult to believe that the biography of Dr. Johnson was written by a gossiping literary bore. That Cowley, who boasts with so much gayety of the versatility of his passion among so many sweethearts, wanted the confidence even to address one. That the thoughtful, cast iron essays of John Foster were originally written as love epistles to the lady who became his wife. That Byron would never help any one to salt at the table, nor be helped himself. That the ode of temperance, "The Old Oaken Bucket," was written by a journeyman painter under the inspiration of brandy. That Luther, the greatest of reformers, and Baxter, the greatest of Puritans, and Wesley, the greatest religious leader of his century, believed in witchcraft. That Schiller wrote his "William Tell" without ever having seen the glories of Lake Lucerne. That Scott never saw 'Fair Melrose' by moonlight. The truth was, Scott would not go there for fear of bogies.

"Isn't he a darling little spring blossom!" asked Mrs Kobobulus, dandling the crowing baby towards her husband. 'Yes," grunted Mr. Kobobulus standing before the glass, deep in the mystery of fastening a collar with three button holes on one button, "yes, he's a regular little crow-cus." And it made Mrs Kobobulus so mad that she threw the baby at him.

Even art has boundaries to its progress. What painter can adequately portray the sidelong look and diagonal gait of a yellow dog?"

THE TWO AGES.

BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times:
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age,
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains o' yore,
In the nineteenth century lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old;
So they couple the crook of the Golden Age
With a hook in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Delphine's name.
They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical wit, we're told;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets, and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's not the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old regime:
And in spite of poesy's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.

A ROYAL HOME.

SANDRINGHAM, the Prince of Wales's country seat, is seldom visited by American tourists, as it is out of the way of the regulation route.

From the road a slight iron railing does not conceal from view the green and mossy sward, shaded by grand old oaks and beeches, under which are browsing nearly 400 beautiful deer. Leaving the park behind, we come to the grounds proper, and pass in succession four dainty lodges, smothered in ivy and roses so completely that no foundation can be seen. Then we reached the gates, known as the Norwich Gates. They are a marvel of delicate elaboration in wrought iron. Roses, lilies, and vines; the emblematical thistle, shamrock and rose; the royal crown, arms, shields, and motto are skilfully embodied, and finished with the significant feathers.

This entrance is never used except by the royal family, so we returned to the main lodge. A short walk through a winding avenue of rare old elms brought us in view of a miniature cascade and a rippling stream of water, down which snowy swans and glossy ducks were wending their way. Then the path curved about through plots of brilliant flowers and handsome shrubs until a view was gained of the residence of the future King of England. Except that it was much larger, the building, in style, might be taken for the house of any wealthy gentleman. The material used is red brick, with light stone dressings. The front is broken in three bays, facing upon a gently sloping terrace, and one long and narrow wing at the east end of the building, green with ivy and golden with yellow roses, proved to be an American bowling alley.

Directly in front of the main entrance, on the terrace, were two enormous granite lions, from Japan; and further to the right a large pagoda, sheltering an exceedingly hideous Chinese joss. The approach to this was formed by an avenue of fir trees, which at the first glimpse appeared to be planted over innumerable graves, for in front of each tree was a small funereal-looking tablet, covered with black lettering. Closer inspection revealed that these tablets merely gave the name of the illustrious personages who had planted these trees, for it seems there is a pleasant custom at Sandringham which demands of every distinguished visitor an addition to the avenue.

Passing into the family parlor with its beautifully polished floor of inlaid woods, partially covered by Persian rugs and fur skins, the eye falls upon a coal black "Topsy," life size, in ebony, and holding a card tray. Just over the main door is the head of the wild Chillingham bull, shot by the Prince in 1872.

The ceiling, or rather the roof is of fretted oak wood, and the walls hung with fine oil paintings. The other apartments it would take too much space to describe beyond mere mention. Among the most pleasing are the library, in pale blue and light oak; the Princess's private morning room, in neutral tints, and tastefully decorated with rare china, crayons, and panels; on the floor a superb tiger skin, a trophy of a hunt in India, and a handsome oak quilt, made by the children of the Sandringham school for the Princess.

Passing through the long hall rooms to the conservatory, the latter is found stocked with a wealth of rare exotics, blossoming plants, all sorts of new ferns and palms and graceful flowering vines. Then, leaving the residence, we walk once more down the smooth paths, and turning to the left come to the picturesque "Hamaker's Cottage," where, when the house is full of guests, or too crowded, the young gentlemen of the company sleep. Strolling on through plats of flowers and broad paths, shaded by superb elms, the "kennels" come into view.

Every dog's day must be a holiday here, and the aristocratic English canine certainly makes his house as much his castle as does his master.

"These kennels," said the keeper, who had charge of the Queen's for seventeen years, "are the finest in England, and the Prince and Princess think more of them than anything down here. Every Sunday after lunch the Princess comes down and stays a good bit, and gives biscuit to the dogs." In appearance the kennels resemble long rows of tiny brick houses, made to accommodate one, two, or three dogs, each having a comfortable bed of straw, and the doors opening into small but separate yards paved with brick, clean as a new pin and fenced in by iron railings, which again face upon large yards, well turfed, in which the dogs are allowed to exercise. All are magnificent specimens of their kind, and many bought at enormous cost.

The keeper knew every one of them by name, and made his presence doubly welcome by bits of meat biscuit he threw to them. Finally, leaving the noble family of dogs, we passed into a separate yard, in the centre of which we could see a deep, brick-lined pit, in which were sleeping two black bears, "Polly" and "Charlie."

"They are American bears, given to the Prince by the Duke of Manchester," said the keeper, adding with a sort of awe, "I suppose you see them most every day there."

Then we called at the monkey house, and saw the queer, uncanny little animals the Prince brought from India with him, and, in addition, a cage of white rats and white mice, which the little Princess brought from Jamaica. Leaving the monkey house we walked some distance to the neat cow stables of red brick and white facings, where a dozen or more beautiful Alderneys are kept, and on to the prettiest little cottage that could be devised, known as the 'Princess's Dairy.' Here it is that the fair Princess of Wales, like Marie Antoinette, comes with noble maids and ladies to make butter in a silver churn, and afterward to spread it on the wafer slices of bread, and have it with her tea in the tiny room adjoining, to which no one is admitted but the Princess's most intimate friends. The rosy-cheeked little dame who has charge of the dairy, in answer to a question, said:

"The first time her Highness came here she wore, like the other ladies, a pretty chintz dress and a little white apron, and she said: 'Now, I am going to consecrate the dairy by churning the butter and making the tea and cutting the bread for you all.' But, Lor', she didn't know what she was bargaining for, for there was twenty-six ladies and gentlemen in all, and by the time the butter came she was tired out. I begged her Highness to let me cut the bread, but 'No,' says she, 'I said I would do it, and it won't hurt me to find out what work means.' So she kept on, and never stopped until she had cut two slices round, though she made her arms ache, and her face grew quite red."

It would take too much space to write of the beautiful farm, the extensive kitchen garden, the vast stables, and sheepfold of the estate. A pleasant impression is left on the mind from a visit to Sandringham by the involuntary expressions of love and admiration for the Prince and Princess of Wales, from the tenantry and employees. Especially was this the case from the most honest of lips, those of the children, who had all some pleasant little story to tell of the royal family.

Grains of Gold.

It is far better to borrow experience than to buy it.

If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.

Let every man strive to add a good name to his other capital.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

Look well to the details that the little things are right, for it pays in the end.

Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

We follow the world in approving others, but we go before it in approving ourselves.

If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, survives them all.

Crowns do not grow; they are the product of the fire, the hammer, and polishing sand.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day.

Many mourn for their sins who do not repent of them; they weep for them, but continue in them.

Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happier when others share their happiness with them.

Strong as our passions are, they may be starved into submission, and conquered without being killed.

We are as liable to fall as to rise, and to say "I am" is language that has been apportioned exclusively to God.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing you the grounds for it.

The sun should not set upon our anger, neither should he rise upon our confidence. We should forgive freely, but forget rarely.

There are truths which some men despise because they have not examined, and which they will not examine simply because they despise.

If you do not wish a man to do a thing, better get him to talk about it; for the more men talk, the more likely are they to do nothing else.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

Be at least as nearly equal to your opportunities as is the wayside flower, that irradiates its homely little fence corner simply by its face and its fragrance.

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is—to watch the success of our enemy; its wages—to be sure of it.

Honor is unstable, and seldom the same; for she feeds upon opinion, and is as fickle as her food. But virtue is uniform and fixed, because she looks for approbation only from Him, who is the same yesterday—to-day—and for ever.

If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself; a little neglect may breed very great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

As there are none so weak that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so low that they may not be able at some time to repay an obligation. Therefore, what benevolence would dictate, prudence will confirm.

To be continually subjected to the breath of slander will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the brightness of the finest gold; but in either case the real value of both continues the same, although the currency may be somewhat impeded.

He that can be honest only because every one else is honest, or good only because all around him are good, might have continued an angel if he had been born one, but being a man he will only add to that number, numberless, who go to hell for the bad things they have done, and for the good things which they intended to do.

Feminilities.

Ladies who go to church to show off their sealskin sacques are sacque-religious.

This is the way of it—three months ago she said no, but is now suing him for breach of promise.

There is a new society in Chicago called the Society of Mothers. In full dress they wear kids and slippers.

The new way of wearing the bracelet is to place it outside the sleeve above the elbow, and to draw a flower or two between it and the arm.

We think that about two sealskin sacques introduced among the Mormon women, would either break up the community or break up the men.

At the ball: Grace (whispering)—"What lovely boots your partner's got, Mary!" Mary (dittt)—"Yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."

The other evening in a restaurant a young lady said: "With the beefsteak and onions please bring me some of those fried potatoes as brown and crisp as falling autumn leaves."

The apron dates far back. The Greeks and Romans were famous for their richly embroidered aprons. Mary Queen of Scots left nearly 100 aprons of various hues and fashions.

Embroidering "Remember me" on a pair of presentation suspenders will not hit the mark. Omitting to properly fasten the suspender buttons will ever keep your memory green in the mind of your husband.

Black cotton gloves will not crack the hands if scalded in salt and water before wearing. The salt prevents fading. When almost dry one should put them on in order to stretch them and keep them in shape.

The San Francisco milliner must be a wonderful creature. She makes bonnets that rainbow the face with a sort of supernal satisfaction, and lend an air of distinguished devoutness to the well-mannered worshipper.

Did you ever see a young lady undertake to drop a letter in the post-office box without drawing it back several times to scan the directions and the stamp and the gummed side before finally letting it drop? As curious as it may seem we have.

It is hard to remember, amidst kisses and praises, that there is anything else in the world to be done or thought of but love-making; but the days of life are many, and the husband must be a guide to be trusted—a companion, a friend, as well as a lover.

A lover, who was told by his friends that he had engaged to marry a fool, said to them that the girl he had chosen had certainly some qualities to shine in a fashionable circle; she had plenty of apathy, was tolerably illiterate, was brilliantly vain, and fertilely capricious, acquiesced with every one, and diffused universal smiles.

A lady recently visited a clairvoyant in order to hear something about her husband's life. The clairvoyant said: "You must bring me some of your husband's hair before I can go into the land of dreams." "But," said the lady, "my husband is bald-headed." "Still," said the clairvoyant, "you may pull a little more from the sides."

Praise the wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, food agreeable—for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have these ten years, but it will do her good, and you, too.

A New York girl, while in a machine shop, recently, had her scarf and clothing caught by an upright water wheel shaft, making eighty revolutions a minute, and was whirled about for three minutes before the machinery could be stopped. On being released she said that it was just like the racquet, only there are not more than six fellows in society who go so slow.

The *Parisian* says that gold embroidery on velvet must be exquisitely done to be acceptable and ladylike. It might have added that the same is true of any kind of embroidery. There are few things prettier than the vines and flowers wrought by the needle, and there are few things uglier than these same vines when twisted and distorted by closely drawn stitches and careless handling.

A well known citizen was trying a horse one day, in company with the owner, a professional "jockey." Having driven him a mile or two, the gentleman, who noticed that he pulled pretty hard and showed a good deal of spirit, requiring constant watching and a steady rein, said, "Do you think that is just the horse for a woman to drive?" "Well, sir," answered the jockey, "I must say that I shouldn't want to marry the woman that could drive that horse."

A wedding party was assembled at Cleveland, and everything was ready for the ceremony, except that the bridegroom had not arrived. After waiting an hour beyond the appointed time, the bride fainted and the guests were about to disperse. Then a policeman came in and said that he had driven from the door a drunken man, who wanted to enter. A search in the neighborhood resulting in finding this man, who was the missing bridegroom. He was not intoxicated, but had gone [illegible].

Here is a bouquet of compliment: "There are but two fine things in the world," says Malherbe, "women and roses." Lessing exclaims, "Woman is the masterpiece of the universe." Bourdon says, "The pearl is the image of purity, but woman is purer than the pearl." Thackeray writes, "A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven." Balzac says, "Even the errors of women spring from her faith in the good." Voltaire declares, "All the reasonings of man are not worth one sentiment of woman."

Here is a story they are telling just now in London of a troop ship: In the ladies' cabin were four washbasins, one of which was much larger than the others. There were three ladies in the cabin whose husbands were about equal in rank. The woman always think they have a right to presume on the rank of their husbands when taking choice of berths, &c., and there was a great discussion as to who was entitled to the big basin. It was referred to the paymaster of the ship, who could settle nothing, and eventually to the captain. He gave a decision worthy of Solomon. After first asking them if they would abide by his verdict and not give any more trouble in the matter, which they readily agreed to do, he said he thought it was only fair that the oldest lady should have the biggest basin. That basin was never used during the whole voyage.

News Notes.

Arkansas last year produced $80,000,000 worth of cotton.

London butchers pay cooks a commission—about 25 cents to the £5.

One lady wrote to Mrs. Garfield, offering her a switch for an office.

On the gulf coasts shrimps are sometimes eaten without being cooked.

A Texas paper has an advertisement for "a shady gentleman's residence."

New York beggars beg with travelling bags, instead of broken baskets.

Baltimore ladies have revived the old fashion of making patchwork quilts.

New designs in ear-rings are small faceted balls not larger than buckshot.

King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, is expected in this country in February.

The publication on Sunday is not a legal publication, according to a Kentucky court.

English butchers sell their customers damaged meat under the name of American beef.

An old man in Xenia, Ohio, killed himself a few days ago because he had sold his farm.

A son of Bishop Wilberforce is lecturing against the doctrine of everlasting punishment.

A lunatic at Monroe, Mo., bent down a branch of a willow tree and hanged himself with it.

Fifty one Missouri counties want to be formed into a new State, to be called West [illegible].

In Vienna all cabs and carriages must have their horses go at a walking pace over the crossings.

The Safe Deposit Company of San Francisco has laid down an iron vault weighing 800 000 pounds.

The Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Frankfort, recently paid $1 50 0 0 for a superb silver gilt cup.

Buffalo Bill says that the Indians are more honest than the whites, and that the latter break the treaties.

60 000 children have been removed from New York city to western homes during the past twenty six years.

The latest device for a juvenile savings bank is in the shape of a hat for the irresistible beggars to pass around.

Our national debt, in silver dollars, could be removed by rail only with the aid of 5,000 cars, carrying ten tons each.

The official reporters of the Canadian Parliament have been ordered to dress in broadcloth and wear white ties.

1 000 000 bushels of wheat or corn will load 4 000 freight cars with 250 bushels each, or 25 000 wagons with 40 bushels each.

The exportation of American live hogs to Germany, tried as an experiment in the early part of last year, has been found profitable.

It is regarded as indispensable to the new régime that all carpets covering the floor be entirely banished in favor of "strips, bits and rugs."

A candidate for the situation of coachman advertises in a Cork paper that he has good testimonials, and is both "courageous and a good shot."

A teacher in Wyoming county was tried a few days ago before a jury on a charge of pointing a pistol at an incorrigible pupil, and was acquitted.

The latest and simplest thing in the way of starch is skimmed milk. Dip the article into it, and it will dry as stiff as common flour starch will make it.

For a sudden severe cold take calcined magnesia with warm foot bath. For a slight cold take a teaspoonful of chlorate of potassa in a tumbler of water.

A South American bird, that enjoys the freedom of a down-town barber shop in New York, regales himself occasionally on pomade and hair oil. The diet seems to agree with him, for he is very fat.

The purchaser of the Villa Eugenie, at Biarritz, France, is bound by heavy penalties to celebrate memorial masses in the private chapel of the villa on the anniversaries of the deaths of Louis Napoleon and his son.

The freedom of the press in Troy, N. Y., has its limits. The editor of one of the papers of that city now languishes in jail because his paper said that the mayor attended a dog fight last week, and owned one of the dogs.

The champion fish story of the season comes from Nevada. It being alleged that a party of seven men who were fishing in Pyramid Lake, and violated the provisions of the State law for the preservation of fish, had to pay fines amounting to $4 000.

A Boston man heard a burglar at work at one of his windows, and telephoned for a policeman. The question came back, "What do you want a policeman at this time of night for?" While he was endeavoring to explain the burglar became alarmed and made his escape.

The most faithful lover in New England was buried in Hartford a few days ago. A severe sickness left the lady to whom he was engaged an invalid for life. He declined her offer to release her from the engagement, and married her while she was in bed. During their more than twenty years of married life she was unable to assist herself, even to the raising of her hand to her head.

At a ball at Schwarzenburg, Saxony, a young man entered, having what appeared to be a cigar in his mouth. He went to the chandelier as if to light it, when a terrible explosion occurred. The lights were extinguished, the walls partly gave way, some of the dancers were covered with blood, and the young man was torn to fragments. He had killed himself by means of a dynamite cartridge.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, Bilious Complaint, Sick Headache, etc., are thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Acting as a general laxative, they remove all irritating and foul matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

New Publications.

A remarkable anonymous article on "The London Theatres" will appear in Scribner's for January. In it is an interesting criticism of Terry, the Bancrofts, the Kendals, Modjeska, and others.

Mrs. S. W. Oakley, the author of "Some Old Letters" in Scribner's Monthly, will have one or two papers in early numbers of the same magazine, entitled "Recollections of American Society," in which we have glimpses of Lafayette, Daniel Webster, and other notabilities.

A delightful feature of Scribner for this year is a series of sparkling novelettes, or condensed novels, instead of the usual long serial story. Mrs. Burnett and George W. Cable will each contribute one.

The December number of the Leonard Scott Publishing Company's issue of Blackwood's Magazine opens with an interesting instalment of the serial, "The Private Secretary." There is a review of Mr. Kinglake's new volume of his history of "The Invasion of the Crimea." The serial, "Dr. Wortle's School" is concluded. The other contents are: "The Indian Famine Reports," "Winter Sports and Pleasures," and several others. For sale by W. B. Zieber, of this city.

The January Popular Science Monthly is brimful of interest. It opens with Spencer's third paper on "The Development of Political Institutions," which is devoted to the subject of "Political Integration." The present article is devoted to an account of the way communities first became unified or consolidated in their governmental character, and is clear, original, and instructive. The Second article is by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, on the subject of "Diet." It is a most interesting paper, and well calculated to set people thinking on this most practical of all subjects. Dr. Oswald is a very brilliant writer, and we are glad to observe that he has been secured for a series of articles in the Monthly, on Physical Education, of which the present contribution is the first. Professor Tyndall's disquisition on "The Sabbath" is continued; his treatment of the subject is very striking and effective. Mr. C. M. Lungren continues his descriptions of "Domestic Motors," and gives an excellent illustrated article on "Steam and Hot-Air Engines," such as are adapted for common uses. Professor F. W. Clark expatiates briefly but suggestively on "The Advantages of Ignorance"—many will be interested. There is a masterly and elaborate essay on "Æsthetic Evolution in Man," by Professor Grant Allen. The author is one of the highest living authorities on æsthetic science. Professor Mendenhall, of the Tokio University, contributes a very striking and instructive account of a "Japanese Typhoon," the effects of which are made clear by illustrations. There is next a paper by Professor Heidenhain, on the recent investigations in "Artificial Hypnotism," to which he paid much attention. Dr. Leonard Waldo communicates an illustrated article of scientific merit on "Examination of Thermometers at the Yale Observatory." Dr. Lauder Brunton's second paper on "Indigestion as a Cause of Nervous Depression" is given in the January Monthly. The practical application of the discussion are vividly brought out in of very special significance to brain-workers and persons of sedentary habits. Dr. J. Hammond has a very readable article, with illustrations, on "The Oil-Plants of French Guiana." Herbert Spencer's "Criticisms Corrected" goes on, and he now pays his respects to Professors Guthrie and Birks. It is a very pungent episode. There is a readable sketch, with a portrait, of the late General Albert J. Myer, of the Storm-Signal Service. The editorial department is unusually varied, and if the promise of the present number is maintained, the Popular Science Monthly for 1881 will excel even the high order of excellence that it has attained in the past.

The American Florist is the name of a new monthly publication devoted to the interest of the household, garden and conservatory. It is a beautifully printed illustrated, and generally well gotten-up paper, with an attractive list of contents. The January number contains the following: A Flower Farm; Cold Water in Sickness; Everlastings or Immortelles for Winter Decoration, illustrated; Floral Decorations for the Dinner Table, illustrated; Fern Pictures; Holland Bulbs, illustrated; How John Chinaman Gardens; Horticultural Items; London Purple; Superstition Connected with Flowers; Science at Breakfast; The Sunflower; The Cranberry; The Household; Watering Plants by Post; Water Lilies, and others. W. H. Rowe, editor and proprietor, Boston, Mass. Terms, $1.00 per year.

The December number of the Magazine of Art fully realizes the many anticipations created by the first number in the increased attractions with its enlarged form. The frontispiece gives a fine reproduction of the painting by H. G. Glindoni, of "A Charge of Witchcraft." "Cradles of Art" is the first of a series of art papers, in which Florence is described by Oscar Browning, with fine illustrations, including Ghiberti's "Gates of Baptistery." "The Many Moods of Sir Frederick Leighton" is the subject of a paper by Wilfred Meynell. Edward Bradbury writes about Manxland. H. G. Keene has a paper on "Indian Pietra Dura Work." There is a full-page engraving of Kaulbach's painting, "In the Forest." Tom Taylor is the subject of one of the series of biographical sketches of deceased artists, in "Handles of Rule." Miss Bell writes about "How Architectural Designs are Spoiled." The deceased artist, Hunt Bignault, is the subject of a sketch by Alice Meynell, and includes his portrait, autograph and three engravings of his works. There are numerous other interesting papers and sketches. A variety of interesting "Art Notes" crowned the number. Published by Cassell, Potter & Galpin.

The Nursery for January comes with a new cover elaborate with birds and flowers, suggestive of the brightness within its pages, which are a perfect treasury of such stories, verses and pictures as cannot fail to delight the little ones. Published by the Nursery Publishing Company, of Boston.

The Musical Folio for January gives a Christmas Frolic picture, and the following choice selections: "Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid of Dundee," arranged for a contralto voice. "Turn Jam Toll," song. "Kiss-Kiss," ballad. "Of What is the Old Man Thinking?" "Remember You Have Children of Your Own." "Love's Return Waltzes," by A. E. Warren. "Star of Liberty," by Charles D. Blake. "I Alone the Cross Must Bear," by C. A. White.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants they will come in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will some day want what he cannot buy.

FANTASTICAL BICYCLE.

Fanciful structure on course expeditional,
Thou strikest the gaze like a form apparitional,
With strangely bewildering glide.
Thy shadowy outline is phantasmagorical;
Thou seems't (to utter a phrase metaphorical)
A sort of personified glide.

What wonderous inventor, with mind methodistical,
Conceived thy idea, so fal, mystical,
Yet so mathematic'ly true?
The brain which concocted thy airy machinery—
Imagined the spectral effect on the scenery—
Was ghostly and dreamy as you.

Philosophers tell us inventions mechanical
Are made by observing the structures organical,
Which all throughout nature abound.
But were she subjected to strictest of scrutiny
By geniuses Archimedean or Newton-y,
Thy prototype would not be found.

Thou queer freak of nature—thou wild irresponsible,
Filmy objective to all that's demonstrable—
Fantastic, ridiculous word!
Thy gyrates mesmerical puzzle humanity,
Thou outcome of science, inspired by insanity,
Thou wavy, embodied absurd.

The World of Humor.

Beverage for brokers—Stock ale.

The divorce-lawyer's favorite suit—A tart pair.

"Brick a-back" is what the hod-carrier [illegible].

Scarlet fever—Madly in love with a girl with tinted hair.

Because a baby is born in the winter is no sign that it's a snow baller.

Go to thy aunt thou sluggard, and if she is worth money, consider her ways.

When a wife hugs her husband, it is always because she wants "to get around him."

We never smoke; but when a man offers us a cigar we invariably pocket the insult.

If some of the children's doll's were cross-eyed and freckled they would be more lifelike.

"Come to My Bower" is the title of a recent song. We presume the party who says "come" holds the right.

A far West critic, speaking of a harpist, said: "We never before knew there was so much music in a gridiron."

The man who fell in love and got married the other day, was so badly hurt that he has since been supported by his wife.

A celebrated silver working company advertises the "Princess Louise spoons," when, in fact, the Princess never spoons.

What is the difference between a drummer boy and a pound of meat? One weighs a pound, and the other pounds away.

Do parents know where their boys are nights? Perhaps. Not positively, though; but they can swear they are not in swimming.

It is considered lawful for clergymen to exchange pulpits on the Sabbath day, but it would not look well for them to trade jackknives.

The family that makes the longest and loudest prayers is not always the one who pays the highest prices to its washerwoman, by any means.

"I see the villain in your face," said a Western judge to a prisoner. "May it please your honor," said the prisoner, "that is a personal reflection."

A fellow in New Orleans is said to have eaten a box of Castile soap to get rid of freckles. He still has a few on his face, but inside he isn't freckled a bit.

A Southern paper, in default of an ice gorge to chronicle, tells of a clam bake where two young men "ate of this delicious fruit until it protruded from their ears."

A knife with 191 blades was lately sent to the Prince of Wales on his birthday. But he doesn't like it. There are so many blades it takes too long to find the corkscrew.

A little boy asked a lady who made her teeth. "My Creator," she replied. "Well," said the little fellow, "the dentist made my ma's, and they beat yours a mile out o' sight."

A young lady who recently gave a milliner an order for a new bonnet, said: "You must make it plain, but still attractive and smart, as I sit in a very conspicuous place in church."

A showman boasted that he had one of Adam's teeth on exhibition, at which an old lady exclaimed, "One of Adam's teeth! Does he say he's one of Adam's teeth? I've no doubt it's false."

A Western editor wrote that he proposed to cook the finest turkey in the country for his New Year dinner. The compositor set it up "hook," and the poor scribe was under police surveillance every time he wandered into the outskirts of the town.

A Western editor speaks of his rival as "mean enough to steal the swill from a blind hog!" The rival retorts by saying: "He knows only too well that he lies; I never stole his swill."

A good point is very tersely put in the article where it was said that "the American is not so solicitous to live within his income as he is to raise his income to the level of his extravagances."

"You have too much style," said an old critic to a young writer. "Style is only a frame to hold the thoughts, as a window sash holds the panes of glass. Too much sash obscures the light."

Said a judge in Massachusetts, "The court holds that a woman is competent to testify as to her own age." "Yes," responded one of the counsel, "she is competent to testify, but how can she be made to do so?"

A woman lately attempted to hang herself, but several neighbors rushed in and cut her down before any harm was done; whereupon the disgusted husband declared that "some folks had better stay at home and not meddle with other folks' affairs."

A man in an oblivious state took up his lodgings on the pavement. He awoke next morning, and, straightening himself up, looked on the ground upon which he had made his couch, and said, "Well, if I had a pickaxe I would make up my bed."

A great deal of poetry has been written about "snow-white sails on a shimmering sunlit sea," but the sails on most of the crafts that we have observed look as if they had been used for a circus canvas in a very wet and muddy season. There's no whiteness about them.

"Have you seen my daughter's baby?" inquired a fond grandmother of a friend. "Oh, yes; but it is so small—so very small," was the reply. "This was to be expected, for you know, don't you, that she was attended by a homœopathic doctor?" replied G. M., with a toss of her head.

A mounted orderly, an Irishman, was just reigning up to deliver an official document at the officers' quarters, when his charger backed, and he found himself sitting on the pavement. "Bedad," cried the soldier, "isn't that an illegant baste? Shure he knew I wanted to get down, and he saves me the trouble."

Beauty—"Still a bachelor, count? Why do you not marry?" Count—"Well, it is not zat I am disinclinationed; but your American mees, she is so beautiful, and vun I see a pretty face I tie one knot in my neckpocket-handkerchief, and vun I see so next I tie another, and so last, vun I shall want to marry, it is all knot and no wife."

In a discussion about the discovery of the North Pole and the South Pole, a man who had become disgusted with the tight rope performances burst in with the exclamation: "When they do discover these long sought poles, some lunatic will be slinging a rope from one end of them to the other, and trundling a wheelbarrow over it."

When a young man brings his girl a half pound of caramels, four ounces of chocolate creams, a half pound of sugared almonds, and a dozen squares of taffy, and she eats them all during the evening, it is the very gall and bitterness of hollow mockery, when he is leaving, for the young man to lovingly whisper to the dear girl, "Happy be thy dreams!"

It is mighty embarrassing to a man who has some religious friends staying with him to have his dog, which has been very quiet during week days, begin right after breakfast, Sunday, to run to the gun in the corner and then to his master, and wag his tail, and then run back to the gun again. It raises doubts in the visitors' minds as to how the host usually passes Sunday.

The newspapers are wondering who will take General Sherman's place if he leaves the army. We don't know who will, but we know who would like to. Address, with return stamp, or call in person at this office. Same old number. Climb up till you faint, and then walk along a dark hall till you swell thunder. Enter boldly, and ask without fear for the military editor.

Take Hop Bitters three times a day and you will have no Doctor bills to pay. See notice.

An attendant at the Oregon Insane Asylum was told to climb a tree and bring down a patient who had a position in its top. He had reached a height of thirty feet when a limb broke, and he fell, bouncing from branch to branch, and finally sitting on the ground like the hammer of a pile driver. For twenty years this man had been dumb, though able to hear, but now the spectators were astounded by such an outburst of fluent and shocking profanity as they had never heard before. The cure was permanent, too.

A new device for the bedevilment of lovers was operated successfully by a heartless young man on the local train yesterday. A couple sat in the seat before him; the lady was young and modest, and the swain wore very large cuffs. One arm was thrown carelessly along the back of the seat, and upon this the evil-minded person behind rubbed some phosphorus. The affectionate performances of that cuff, when the train was rushing through the kindly darkness of the tunnels, were beheld by all the unfeeling and snickering occupants of the car, whose cruel enjoyment was not a little increased by the demure and unconcerned appearance of the lovers each time the train bounded again into the light.

He was saying, "As the pearly column of smoke in a winter's atmosphere rises unbroken heavenward, so my heart rises to thee." Said she, "Now that we're married, will your nail-blade cut corns?"

A Chicago minister of a mathematical turn calculates that it costs $5 000 to raise and educate a good boy in one of our large cities until he is fifteen, and costs considerably more to bring up a bad one, to say nothing of the trouble and tears he causes his parents. The fact is startling. People should abandon the boy crop as unprofitable.

Landlords of summer resorts are already preparing for next season. One is having built an old-fashioned set of furniture that Washington once used, another is blasting out a cave that will be occupied by a hermit as soon as warm weather comes, and a third is having a medicine well dug. Summer resorts are to be both romantic and healthy next year.

George Eliot's Romola

A timely interest is given, by the death of the author, to the new edition of her masterpiece, "Romola," just issued by the American Book Exchange, New York. It shows her work at its best and strongest, and at the same time gives the reader the opportunity to acquire a lasting familiarity with the scenes and society of mediæval Italy. It is one of the few really great historical novels of the world. It is issued in handy and beautiful form, extra cloth binding, simple but rare elegance and taste in design, and like the other issues of the "Literary Revolution" its cost is almost nominal, viz., 35 cents. It is one of a series intended to form a library of classic fiction, which will include one representative and characteristic work of each of the great authors who have won lasting fame in the realm of fiction. Life is too short and too full of work to permit the reading of all that is beautiful and valuable in these creations of the imagination, but even very busy people can find time to read one book by each of the score of authors who have won immortal fame and place in the affections of the people. Not to be acquainted with them is to be ignorant of much that is most important and most interesting in the history of nations and of men. Not to possess them is to be deprived of most fruitful and profitable sources of enjoyment. Among those issued or nearly ready are: Scott's "Ivanhoe," Bulwer's "Pompeii," Irving's "Knickerbocker," Cooper's "Mohicans," "Tom Brown at Rugby," "Adventures of Don Quixote," and "Uarda, a Romance of Ancient Egypt." Full catalogue of standard publications will be sent on request, by the American Book Exchange, Tribune Building, New York.

Unsolicited Testimony.

WILMINGTON, Del., Dec. 15, 1880.

HON DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

DEAR SIR,—The Beatty Parlor Organ was safely received yesterday. We are all charmed with it. Though we expected something fine, it far exceeded our expectations. The tone is very pure, and the instrument, when played by a master-hand, resembles a fine-toned pipe church organ. As a piece of furniture it is an ornament not to be despised by the most fastidious taste. Very respectfully yours,

MAGGIE H. JEFFERIS.

A Card.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

CANVASSERS Make From $25 to $50 per week selling goods for E. S. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay street, New York. Send for Catalogue and terms.

Hop Bitters purifies the blood, and removes all pimples and eruptions. See another column.

When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Sleep, Appetite, and Strength

Return when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is systematically used by a bilious dyspeptic sufferer. Moreover, since the brain sympathises closely with the stomach and its associate organs, the liver and the bowels, as their derangement is rectified by the action of the Bitters, mental despondency produced by that derangement disappears.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

AGENTS CARD OUTFIT, INCLUDING SAMPLE BOOK which contains the loveliest cards you ever saw, 10c. post paid, stamps taken. An elegant Gilt-bound Floral Autograph Album, 47 Select quotations, and a 32-Column Story Paper Free with each outfit. Addr's American Home Journal, West Haven, Ct.

DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,

BE IT SEATED IN THE

LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,

CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

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DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIPHTHERIA,
INFLUENZA,
SORE THROAT,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
RELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or painful discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

PRICE 50c PER BOTTLE.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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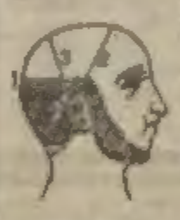

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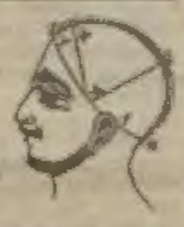

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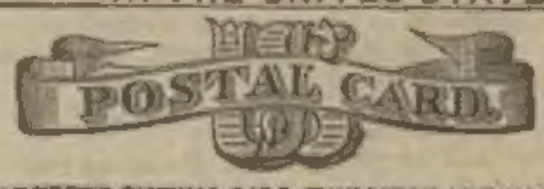

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

As winter advances plush grows more and more in favor. Entire costumes are made of plush, a long-haired silky plush almost as soft as sealskin. To prevent them being too heavy they are mounted on silk linings, which remain invisible to the eye when the costume is worn. They are mostly trimmed with satin, and are made in colors, such as amethyst, bronze, ruby and green. Black plush is rarely used for black costumes. Black costumes are made of velvet, satin, silk, cashmere or cloth, but not of plush. Very thick and richly-beaded cords are also used as trimmings to plush costumes. They form the piping down the body and skirt, when the make of the dress requires piping, as it does when the skirt is cut into very narrow widths, slit up at the bottom to allow a fan like plaiting being inserted into the opening of each slit. This plaiting is of satin, and the pipings of each width of the skirt are of the same satin, or of jetted or beaded cord. The collar, cuffs, and revers of the body are then also of satin, piped with jetted or beaded cord; the scarf is lined with satin, and piped round to match the rest. Cuirasse bodies are the most general with plush dresses, which cannot be made too plainly on account of the thickness of the material. A green plush dress with satin trimmings and cords, embroidered with green and gold beads, and satin collar and cuffs embroidered in the same way, is one of the most elegant dresses imaginable, either for visiting, dinner, or theatre. Other plush dresses are made with waistcoat and coat. The waistcoat and the revers of the coat, together with the collar and cuffs, are of embroidered satin.

Fur is also very popular as a trimming for costumes, and is used not only on woolen materials and velvet, but silks and satins, and for evening costumes as well as street dresses.

Black satin, or else black satin surah, is among the handsomest materials for a short round skirt to be trimmed with fur. The foot of the dress is finished with a pleating from about four to six inches deep, laid in small knife pleats, or else box-pleated, and the heading for this is a band of black or brown fur about six or eight inches wide. A similar row of fur then extends straight up the middle of the front breadth, and is nearly wide enough to meet the side panels of brocaded velvet that are sewed in the second side seams of the skirt. The basque of such a suit is in coat shape, quite round, not longer behind in habit fashion, but shaped like a gentleman's morning coat, either single or double-breasted, with lappels and buttons behind, and open down the middle seam from the waist line. The only fur on this coat is a small collar, large cuffs, and square pockets on the hips.

Very pretty little muffs are made in the shape of hand-bags, of fur, plush, or satin trimmed with fur. These are fashionably matched to the hat or bonnet, and are often trimmed with a bird, wing, or spray of flowers, and hang by silk cords from the neck.

Worth is bringing Irish poplin into fashion again. It wanted someone with his influence to bring this beautiful material into more general favor. He trims it with Persian and Indian silk. The collar and cuffs of a poplin dress, for instance, are of Persian or Indian silk, embroidered with the fabulous skill of those Eastern countries. The scarf drapery across the front is also of the same rich silk, and sometimes the side panels are also made to match; the scarf drapery is generally fringed, the fringe being worked into the material.

Black silk is not expensive now on account of satin being so fashionable, and it is always fashionable. Black silk may be trimmed with black satin or brocade; satin is prettiest, and with two bodices, one of silk and one of satin, a brocade according to the trimming, two handsome dresses are composed, and with very little more expense than one.

Blouse polonaises are also worn with black silk skirts; black for the street, and white cream, ivory, or very pale blue for evening or house wear.

Black silk skirts are also worn with jackets of Persian materials, in which gold is much mixed. These jackets are short, and require therefore a skirt trimmed high enough to meet the end of the jacket. Skirts are still tied back, forming thus all the puffs at the back, whilst the front clings as tightly as ever to the figure.

A word now on economical dresses, the prettiest of which are made of dark blue flannel, which is inexpensive, serviceable, and becoming. Its very cosiness is its elegance and chic. Ladies who generally confine themselves to black dresses for economy, are able to vary their costumes by having a blue flannel suit now in their wardrobe. Plain flannel is of course to be preferred to stripes or checks by those who study to unite elegance and economy; the style of these dresses consists in their perfect make and simplicity. A kilt plaited skirt with a scarf tunic, and a sailor jacket with two box plaits at the back.

Another style, for a very young person, is to make the skirt with tucks instead of a kilt plaiting, and a box-plaited blouse with a belt round the waist. A Byron collar is added to these dresses, whichever way they may be made; this collar is very high and close up to the throat. The sleeves are quite tight and buttoned at the wrists, without cuffs; a cambric frill edges the wrists.

For morning calls, walks and shopping, neat costumes of woolen material are very simply made with round kilted skirt and a tight-fitting paletot. Soft, warm, thick fabrics are chosen for such, and trimmed with plush velvet, or merveilleux satin. Brocades, plaids and checks are also used for trimmings.

A particularly neat and becoming walking costume for ladies is of iron-grey cloth, trimmed with very dark garnet plush. The skirt is kilted; in front there is a pointed tablier, edged with a band of plush. The bodice comes down into a small point, and is trimmed plastron fashion, with a double row of iridescent pearl buttons matched to the plush. Two deep square panels are applied on at the sides, edged with plush and trimmed with deep plush pockets and pearl buttons. At the back the bodice is continued into two deep coat basque as long as the panels. These are crossed over by a wide draped scarf of plush. A deep plush collar and cuffs to match complete the trimming. The bonnet, to correspond, is of iron grey long-haired felt, trimmed with garnet plush. The tiny muff is also of plush to match.

A fancy for using gilt soutache is again revived for gay little dresses that are worn in the house, and that are entirely concealed in the street by the long cloak of sealskin, or else a fur-lined wrap. Young ladies especially like this trimming on the basques of cloth, camel's-hair, and velvet dresses, and they use it on colored basques that are now worn with various skirts. Three rows of the narrowest gold braid form the border on the basque, while the collar, cuffs and pockets are embroidered with gold.

A costume is made in Hindoo cashmere, edged with bands of gold braid; the tunic very much draped, and trimmed with a pleating, headed with gold braid; the bodice very long, and pointed at the back, the basque finished with a deep pleating underneath, and a waistcoat in front embroidered with gold; a cashmere visite, warmly wadded and lined with old gold satin, and a black plush chapeau, ornamented with black feathers, and fastened with a gilt dagger, is quite in keeping with Parisian style. The Carmelite is also a very pretty model in brown camel's-hair and plush, the skirt trimmed with three wide plush bands; a plush tunic, the edge cut in notches, and trimmed between the vandykes with a pleating of brown satin, and draped at the back in three puffs. The Directoire bodice and plush waistcoat, fastened with enamelled buttons is extremely stylish; the collar and cuffs are also of plush. A plush Rembrandt hat, trimmed with a long brown-shaded ostrich feather and a small bird is worn with this costume, which is completed by a little plush muff, edged with a narrow box-pleated flounce, lined with cream colored satin, and a Russian lace flounce, with a brown satin bow.

Evening dresses are made of plain satin or taffetas, combined with brocaded silk or satin. They are either cut square a la Pompadour in the neck, or en surplis—that is, in a pointed opening; some models are open in an inverted triangle upon the bosom, filled in with tulle, crepe lisse, or lace. The bodice is generally peaked in front, while at the back it forms a postillion arranged into a hollow pleat. Sometimes this bodice is of brocade, while the skirt is of plain silk or satin, trimmed with scarfs or panels of the brocade, while for the tournure at the back widths of both fabrics are combined into an elegant drapery. In other models the bodice is of the plain material, but trimmed and faced with brocade, and a brocaded tablier is draped over the front of the skirt, fastening into a loose bow and lappet at the back, which mingle with the drapery of the tournure.

While all walking costumes have the round skirt the semi-train remains for indoor dresses, and all toilettes of ceremony have the full train. Dresses for dancing, however, we understand, are to be made with the short round skirt this winter.

Young ladies' dinner and evening dresses are made of cream white or pale blue, trimmed with satin of the same color, and cream white lace.

An evening dress of pale blue nun's vailing is trimmed with merveilleux satin of the same shade. The round skirt of vailing is trimmed with three satin scarves, each placed above a pleated flounce of the vailing. Each scarf is fastened upon the left side into a loose bow without ends. The last scarf conceals the lower edge of the bodice, which is very long, and opens over a plastron of finely-pleated satin. Semi-long sleeves, finished with a fluting headed with a small satin scarf, finished in a large bow.

A charming dinner toilette is of white surah trimmed with white satin, brocaded with rose-colored silk, with a network heading. The foot is trimmed with a pleated flounce; the square train is edged with a similar flounce. On either side of this train there is a deep revers of brocade, fastened up with a bow finished with tassels. These revers are continued upon the bodice round the opening at the throat; bow and tassels are placed on the left shoulder; the semi-long sleeves have facings of brocade.

Opera cloaks are of white plush, silk, satin, brocaded velvet, or cashmere; they are sometimes plain, and sometimes embroidered in gold, silk, and beads; they are edged round with marabout rechings, or bands of ostrich feathers. The sleeves are long, like the sleeves of Japanese ladies' dresses, and are lined with wadded satin.

Tiny muffs with a bouquet of flowers on them accompany these evening wraps.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK NOVELTIES.

EASTERN needlework is now most prominent in the embellishment of drawing-rooms, and even occasionally of ladies' attire. Large straight pieces appear, in all their varied beauty, as dounce portieres, panels, screens, fireplace and piano draperies, mantel valances, etc. Smaller remnants do service on cushion covers and chair backs, and are cut into table covers and curtains. The veriest scraps, too, compose interesting little d'oyleys, disc shaped patches for hand screens, etc.

Ladies who possess quite a collection of Oriental embroideries sometimes employ their imaginative skill in arranging them for the ornament of entire suites. A boudoir was recently fitted up in this style: Handsome cashmere shawls and loose Indian drawers were cleverly turned to account for hangings and folding screens, while the rich needlework of vests and scarves figured plentifully in the lighter arrangements of the apartment, viz: the widow valance, curiously arranged behind the curtains, together with squares and rectangles placed cornerwise over lounges, cushions and footstools. Even the heavy Scinde rugs are assorted in. It is wise to furniture upholstered in plush. One large rug, for instance, covers the back and seat of the sofa, the curved borders and elbows, if any, being in plush, red, peacock blue, or dark green, according to the prevalent color of the Oriental mat. Smaller rugs are distributed on the easy chairs, as well as the quaint three-cornered ones; the squares for the backs being set in straight, and those for the seats in diamond fashion.

As well known, an immense deal of gold embroidery prevails in Eastern countries, but on this branch we shall not dwell, as its stitches, etc., so closely resemble those used in church needlework. We will merely turn our attention to the unique specimens of finely-wrought linen now flooding "old curiosity shops." At first glance the brightly-tinted work and the time-mellowed grounds of these open-meshed fabrics impart a great similarity to their appearance; but the connoisseur will generally discover in each some characteristic which betrays its origin. Even the stitches form an interesting study, although as yet they have not tempted many imitators. These peculiar stitches are not at all difficult, but they are so cunningly altered in slope and tightness that the filling-in of a single flower will present a wonderfully diversified aspect.

Such varied filling in is specially noticeable in some of the leaves and blossoms of Persian work, the surface of which is covered with compact stitchery of two different kinds of sloped lines, cordonnet alternating with back stitching. The former occupies three threads in width and counts one thread, and the latter takes three threads in length; this gives a straight linear stitch following an oblique direction, and worked next to a wider stitch sloping in the reverse way.

The disposition of these raised and sunken stripes, more or less loose, imparts that very grateful effect to the work which suggests an unfounded difficulty. As an example, we will describe one of the most uncommon species of embroidery we have seen. It was used as a mantel border, and beautifully shown off by the mounting of Persian red plush. The open linen band, twelve inches deep, was decorated by large blossoms, studding a wandering stem, which appeared continuous, whilst in reality it divided into three boughs, each complete in itself. The design had also the advantage of being placed either horizontally or upright. Straight quarter inch stitches of creamy gold floss silk defined the stem, from which depended, in turns, the pomegranate and blossom, and the rose with bud.

The conventional pomegranate was represented by sets of three detached curves, springing on each side from the same stalk, but not closing at the top of the fruit. These curves, with their scalloped edge, left a hollow in the centre, partly filled by a silvery white kernel. Near by a blossom extended its flat petals, as is often the case, by tiny holes, each formed by the junction of six stitches, three from the three slanting lines of one petal, and three from those of the adjacent one, all merging into the same point, hence a minute hole is the result. Deep red portrayed the fully spread rose with its yellow heart; both centre and outer rim being marked off by fine stitching in dense gold silk, widely radiated like the spokes of a wheel. The bud was also red, and the formal leaves Lincoln green. Along the edges of the band ran a cordon in pale blue plait-stitch, made somewhat like a close herring bone, by taking six threads in height and two in width. Instead, however, of seizing two fresh threads each time, the needle is placed between the last two and brought out one thread beyond, thus one old thread and one new are used every time.

There are two novelties, which are revivals, one being of the old-fashioned cross stitch, and the other of netting. The former appears in silk and colored embroidery cotton, worked on toile Guibert, which, again, resembles Berlin canvas with the stiffening taken out of it. We especially observed one Persian pattern, worked in colored embroidery cotton, the stripes between being of the same colors; and another with a design in the wild roses, cornflowers, poppies, and corn, in which the alternating stripe was drab in the centre. The most effective, however, was of squares of plain toile embroidered in stars with border and bands of a beautiful kind of framework in unbleached thread, which would be most appropriate for furniture lace, or even trimming for dresses of linen or thick material.

There are chair backs of Java canvas; and one of these, in which stripes of canvas and crimson silk repp alternate, has the canvas nearly covered with green woolen netting, at the edge and down the centre of which is a stripe of bright silk embroidery in point Russe, with blue silk tufts. This would be well adapted for the work for invalids and elderly ladies. The fringe is netted with tufts of wool. All are edged with either lace or fringe.

Other chair backs or conurepieds are in wool, worked in various new and effective stitches in crochet, with alternate plain stripes, embroidered in wool and chenille. We noticed one design very suitable for a sofa blanket, or any purpose where thickness and warmth are desired. It is in stripes of olive-green tufted crochet and ruby tricot; the latter is worked in grapes and vine leaves, the grapes being tufts of wool. The embroidery in satin and velvet appliques and gold thread combined with satin galons, to be worked in self shades, has a very rich effect.

We have seen a cover for a grand piano made with good effect of dark green serge cut to the shape of the piano, with detached bouquets of poppies and blue cornflowers and leaves worked on in crewels at regular distances, but not too close. The border was separate, but joined on after being worked, and had a running pattern of the two flowers. The border was a straight piece, previously lined, which fell down the sides of the piano. The flowers were arranged to suit the room; others of different colors could be substituted. Another design on dark serge, recently seen, was an oval wreath of leaves of shaded greens and browns, with white lilies and red cactus worked in chenilles, surrounding a coat of arms in crewels and silk. The border was knotted worsted ball fringe of the same color as the cloth. A large monogram might take the place of the coat of arms if desired. Some covers we have seen have only the broad border worked.

Answers to Inquirers.

POINT, (Webster, Minn.)—The presiding officer has the deciding vote in case of a tie.

JOHN M. (New York, N. Y.)—Nelson gained the battle of the Nile in August, 1798, and was killed at Trafalgar, in 1801.

READER, (Warrensburg, Pa.)—Minnetta is a fanciful name; William, German, means defending many, and Kate, or Catharine, pure or clear.

H. G. (Richmond, Va.)—Purchase some work on the subject of silk-painting which will afford all the information our limited space cannot contain.

ANXIOUS, (Newtown, Pa.)—To clear and strengthen the voice, beat up the yolks of two fresh eggs every morning in a cup or glass and take them before breakfast.

R. S. (Somerville, N. J.)—The matter will be attended to. Please accept our thanks, but we do not publish your answer, as it now has been probably forgotten by our readers.

W. P. K. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—A written agreement is not necessary to constitute a partnership. The acts of the parties, when there is no evidence in writing, may be the evidence of the contract.

F. F. (Trenton, N. J.)—Sometimes the nose turns red from not taking sufficient nourishment: as we do not know the state of your health we cannot tell you what to try as a remedy. We advise you to consult a doctor.

—HELEN G. (St. Clair, Mich.)—You wish to be instructed as to what your duty is in the case of two lovers quarreling. When lovers quarrel it is not a question of sex who should take the first step to reconciliation. Whoever the offender be, let he or she acknowledge the fault.

RESARA, (New York, N. Y.)—You will find that in last February there were five Sundays. The fact occurs but three times in a century. Thus, after 1896, we shall have to wait until 1920 before the shortest month in the year can again boast of five Sundays.

A. H. S.—Send the piece of music with particulars to one of the music publishing houses of this city. It is likely, however, you will have to bear the greater part of the expense of publication yourself. You can find the address of a good house in any of the papers.

S. S. M. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The name of the first iron-plated steam frigate built by the English admiralty was the Warrior. She was launched in 1860. The American Monitor was after this, but the latter has revolutionized ship-building for war purposes all over the world.

H. C. S. (Rush, Pa.)—It is a specimen of the old Continental money issued by the States, and is we think, without any particular value. You might, however, ascertain by writing to E. Mason, Jr. M., Tenth street, Philadelphia, enclosing copy of note, and stamps for reply.

MATHON, (Mystic Bridge, Conn.)—If you place the eggs in a large jar, with the small ends downwards, and pour hot lard over them, they will keep for almost any length of time; or you may rub them over by means of a soft brush with a solution of gum arabic, and afterwards, when quite dry, pack them in dry charcoal dust.

TOUNELIAN, (New Castle, Del.)—The requisites which are most essential in a lover are an agreeable person, accomplished manners, united with a sweetness of temper and disposition, free from levity and anything bordering on the ridiculous, an unblemished reputation, and a mind of respectable calibre; with a partner of this kind, none need fear to enter upon the sea of matrimony.

E. M. M. (Des Moines, Iowa.)—The name of Baron was introduced by William the Conqueror from Normandy to England, and used to signify an immediate vassal of the crown, who had a seat and vote in the royal court and tribunals, and subsequently in the house of peers. It was the second rank of nobility until dukes and marquises were introduced, and placed over the earls, and viscounts also set above the barons. The coronets of barons have four balls surrounding them.

MINNIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is no unusual occurrence for a young lady to be seventeen years of age and never to have had a sweetheart. We would advise you not to concern yourself as to whether you will ever have a lover or not. If you are, as you say, more sensible than two-thirds of the girls of your own age, there is no fear that, when the proper time arrives, you will be forgotten. Be patient, for it is never judicious to hurry such matters.

LAURIE, (Medalia, Mo.)—The song of "Annie Laurie" was written by William Douglass, of Scotland, hero of the song "Willie was a Wanton Wag." Annie was the eldest of three daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelton. Annie was wooed by Douglass, and she refused him. He then made a run-away match with a Miss Clark of Galloway. In 1709, Annie married James Ferguson, and was the mother of Alexander Ferguson, the hero of Burns's song "The Whistle."

INQUIRER, (Baltimore, Md.)—Where you have not been invited, you had better not go. If consent was asked to visit and not given the inference is fair that you are not particularly wanted. The correspondence only speaks for itself. It does not justify you in going to her home, though we confess it looks a little singular to write, and yet decline to answer your very natural request. Still there may be good reasons for it. Until you know what they are go on as you are doing, and await further developements.

S. Q. K. (Pottsville, Pa.)—Yours is a case on which we are consulted almost every week, and we might, therefore, refer you to any back number for your answer. But we will repeat again, that a young gentleman who has been profoundly impressed with a young lady with whom he is not acquainted, can do nothing except tax his ingenuity to find out some person who is acquainted with the lady, and who is willing to introduce him to her. If you cannot find such a person, you must trust to the chapter of accidents.

FLORA, (Toledo, O.)—Flora was an ancient deity, whose festival was celebrated at the end of April and beginning of May. In the course of time it greatly degenerated, and became intolerably offensive. The Romans, who generally displayed but little elegance of imagination in the origins which they invented for their deities, said that Flora had been a woman of questionable character who, having acquired immense wealth, left it to the Roman people on condition of their always celebrating her birthday with feasts.

REV. (Toledo, O.)—The invention of clocks with wheels is ascribed to Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona in the ninth century, but others attribute the invention to Bathilenab at the beginning of the sixth century. The invention of pendulum clocks is disputed between Galileo and Huygens, but the weight of evidence is on the side of the latter, who put it in practice in 1657. The first pendulum clock made in England was by a Dutchman named Fromanteil in 1661. Before the pendulum was applied, a balance was used, representing the fly of a jack.

F. W. M. (Harrisburg, Pa.)—You have our sympathy. Under the circumstances, you cannot do better than think of the homely phrase "grin and bear it." Your conduct appears to have been perfectly correct, therefore take no further notice of the fickle one; she is evidently not deserving of you. Don't write her any more letters, but appear distant when you again meet. This plan will probably bring about the desired reconciliation, which should come from her in the first instance. Should this fail, then, to use your own words "Let your parting be forever."

LIGHT, (Vallejo, Cal.)—There is a considerable difference between them. Calcium is the metallic base of lime, which is present in gluco, chalk, and other compounds. It may be obtained by passing a powerful current of electricity through fused chloride of calcium, when the metal separates into minute globules. It is a yellowish-white metal, more heavier than water, can be rolled into sheets, and hammered into leaves, and requires a high temperature for its fusion. At a red heat it melts and burns with a dazzling white light, accompanied by scintillations. This is what you have seen, not the electric light.

ROSEBUD, (Allen, Ind.)—We must say that your case, as you state it, is encompassed with serious difficulties. It is evident that you love your first lover the better, though it is not certain from his recent conduct that he loves you as ardently as you say he once did. But there may be reasons for this; very likely you did not return his affection in the manner in which his soul longed for you to do, and the consequence is that he has grown worried and disheartened in trying to make your feelings responsive to his own, though he may in his heart of hearts still love you sincerely. You should endeavor by some indirect means to find out the present state of his feelings towards you; and having discovered that, you will have no difficulty in deciding what you ought to respond to the entreaties of your second suitor.